

SATURDAY REVIEW

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

No. 3,181. Vol. 122.

14 October 1916.

GRATIS.

A SELECTION FROM

MACMILLAN'S NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Fruit Gathering. Poems by Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (A Sequel to *Gitanjali*.) Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net. [Oct. 31]

Hungry Stones, and other Stories. By SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Translated from the original Bengali by various writers. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [Oct. 27]

THOMAS HARDY.

Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy. Pot. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [Golden Treasury Series]. [Ready]

W. B. YEATS.

Responsibilities and other Poems. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Ready]

Reveries over Childhood and Youth. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Ready]

The Russian Story Book. Containing Tales from the Song-Cycles of Kiev and Novgorod and Other Early Sources. Retold by Richard Wilson, D.Litt. With Sixteen Colored Plates and Line Illustrations from Drawings by Frank C. Papé. Fcap. 4to. 7s. 6d. net. [Ready]

MAURICE HEWLETT'S

NEW FULL-LENGTH NOVEL.

Love and Lucy. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [Ready]
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Mr. Hewlett undoubtedly scores with Lucy. The story of her quest of love is an altogether agreeable, and certainly a distinctive novel."

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S

NEW FULL-LENGTH NOVEL.

The Wave: an Egyptian After-math. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [Ready]

Pilot and other Stories. By HARRY PLUNKET GREENE. With Illustrations in Color and Black and White by H. J. Ford. Pot. 4to. 6s. net.

"Pilot" is a cunning and attractive dog whose adventures and devices as a poacher are told with verve and humour. In the "other stories" the author's Irish temperament finds full play.

I Sometimes Think: Essays for the Young People. By STEPHEN PAGET, Author of "I Wonder," "Essays for Boys and Girls," etc. Extra crown 8vo. 5s. net.

The Three Pearls. By the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE, Author of "The Story of a Red Deer," "The Drummer's Coat," etc. With Illustrations by Alice B. Woodward. Fcap. 4to. 6s. net. [Ready]

MRS. MOLESWORTH.

Edmée: A Tale of the French Revolution. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by Gertrude Demain Hammond. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. [Ready]

HON. J. W. FORTESCUE.

A History of the British Army.

By the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE. Vol. VIII. (1810-1812). And a separate Volume of Maps. 8vo.

Previously Published.—Vols. I. and II. To the close of the Seven Years' War. Second Edition. 18s. net each. Vol. III. To the Second Peace of Paris. 18s. net. Vol. IV. From the Fall of the Bastille to the Peace of Amiens. In two Parts, and a separate volume of Maps. 42s. net. Vol. V. From the Renewal of the War to the Evacuation of Rio de la Plata, 1803-1807. 18s. net. Vol. VI. From the Expedition to Egypt, 1807, to the Battle of Coruña, January, 1809. 18s. net. Vol. VII. 1809-1810. With a separate volume of Maps. 21s. net.

SIR T. H. HOLDICH'S NEW WORK.

Political Frontiers & Boundary Making.

By Col. Sir THOMAS H. HOLDICH, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., D.Sc., Author of "The Gates of India." 8vo. 10s. net. [Ready]

COUNTRY LIFE:—"Sir Thomas Holdich has written a valuable and timely book. Whatever be the outcome of the war, it must result in a great readjustment of boundaries, and it is of great advantage to have the principle discussed beforehand in a large-minded and philosophic manner."

Canada's Future: What She Offers After the War. A Symposium of Official Opinion. Edited by E. A. VICTOR. Medium 8vo. 6s. net. [Ready]

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE:—"The book is not only interesting, but so full of facts (and Canadian facts need to be constantly brought up-to-date, as these are) that it should be in the hands of everyone interested in the Dominion, either as a place of future residence or as one of investment."

The Empire and the Future.

A Series of Imperial Studies Lectures delivered in the University of London, King's College. Crown 8vo.

The Foundations and Growth of the British Empire. By JAMES A. WILLIAMSON. Globe 8vo.

This volume forms a well-constructed, clearly written introductory text-book on the history of the British Empire.

Social Life in England, 1750-1850. By F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON, D.D., Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge; Hon. Canon of Peterborough. 8vo.

Highways and Byways in Galloway and Carrick. By the Rev. C. H. DICK. With Illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. Extra crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Ready]

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Mr. Dick's book is quite one of the best of this admirable 'Highways and Byways' series, and he has thrown into it much enthusiastic labour. It is full of history pleasantly told, of legend and of anecdote. Mr. Dick knows all the 'associations' of the district he travels through."

Highways and Byways in Nottinghamshire. By J. B. FIRTH. With Illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs. Extra crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Highways and Byways Series]

SECOND IMPRESSION. JUST PUBLISHED.

Faith or Fear? An Appeal to the Church of England. By DONALD HANKEY (A Student in Arms), WILLIAM SCOTT PALMER, HAROLD ANSON, F. LEWIS DONALDSON, and CHARLES H. S. MATTHEWS (Editor). Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE BOOKMAN:—"Every religious man, especially every churchman, should read this thoughtful, earnest, and finely uncompromising volume; it does a great service to the highest cause by saying plainly much that badly needed to be said."

The Problem of Personality.

A Critical and Constructive Study in the Light of Recent Thought. By ERNEST NORTHROFT MERRINGTON, M.A., Ph.D. Crown 8vo. 5s. [Ready]

Macmillan's Autumn Announcement List post free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

Smith, Elder & Co.'s List

LADY LOGIN'S RECOLLECTIONS:

Court Life and Camp Life. 1820-1904.

By E. Dalhousie Login.

With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [Oct. 19.

A BALKAN FREEBOOTER

By Jan Gordon,

Author, with Mrs. Gordon, of "The Luck of Thirteen."
With Illustrations. Large Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [Oct. 19.

MAPLE LEAVES IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By Herbert Rae.

The experiences of some members of the first Canadian Contingent.

With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. [Oct. 19.

THE UNBROKEN LINE

Along the French Trenches from Switzerland to the North Sea.

By H. Warner Allen,

Special Correspondent of the British Press with the French Armies.

With Illustrations and Maps. Large post 8vo. 6s. net.

BROWNING: HOW TO KNOW HIM

By William Lyon Phelps, M.A., Ph.D.

With a Portrait. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"He is an excellent interpreter, and his book in great measure fulfils what we have always regarded as a serious want in Browning literature—that of an explanatory commentary on those poems of Browning which are most helpful to the average intelligent reader."—*Spectator*.

THE RELIGIONS OF ANTIQUITY AS PREPARATORY TO CHRISTIANITY.

Being largely a re-cast of "The Foregleams of Christianity."

By Charles Newton Scott,

Author of "Lyrics and Elegies." Crown 8vo. 2s. net.

"The cause of comparative religion could hardly be entrusted to an abler pen."—*Saturday Review*.

New 6/- Net Novels

LADY CONNIE

By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

"A novel of deep feeling and rich, romantic atmosphere. Her canvas is packed with true portraiture; a kindly, indulgent humour, no less than shrewd and penetrating observation."

—*Daily Chronicle*.

THE TUTOR'S STORY

An Unfinished Novel by the late Charles Kingsley

REVISED AND COMPLETED BY HIS DAUGHTER
LUCAS MALET.

"The book has the true Kingsley spirit . . . the tutor is admirably done. 'Her Magnificence,' the stepmother, is a masterly sketch, and the old stud-groom a delight. Perhaps the greatest charm of the book in the eyes of many readers will be that it revives the memory of boyish delight in Kingsley's novels."—*Times*.

JOHN-A-DREAMS

By Katharine Tynan.

"Mrs. Hinkson's new book is in her very best manner. It is an Irish story told with the charm of grace and sweetness of which she alone has the secret."—*GLOBE*.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & CO.,
15, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

A SELECTION FROM

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY'S New and Forthcoming Publications.

RINGS

By GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ, A.M., Ph.D., D.Sc.

Profusely illustrated in colour and double tone. 25s. net.

A wonderful book on finger rings in all ages and in all climes by the world's most famous gem expert. Everything about rings in one volume.

SHAKESPEARE AND PRECIOUS STONES

By GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ, A.M., Ph.D., D.Sc.

Four illustrations. Square 8vo. 6s. net.

Treating of all the known references to precious stones in Shakespeare's works, with comments as to the origin of his material, the knowledge of the poet concerning precious stones, and references as to where the precious stones of his time came from. Instructive, because of its treatment of the precious stones subject as well as because of their relation to Shakespeare.

CLOTHING FOR WOMEN:

ITS SELECTION, DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION.

By LAURA I. BALDT.

Being the First Volume in Lippincott's Home Manuals.

Edited by Benjamin R. Andrews, Ph.D.

Seven coloured plates. 262 illustrations in the text. 8s. 6d. net.

This work deals exhaustively with the selection, design, and construction of women's clothing. The difficult problems of harmony of colour and design have been fully treated. It is a book for the College short course, the high school, and the home library. The numerous illustrations are particularly good and of great practical value.

PRACTICAL BOOK OF EARLY AMERICAN ARTS AND CRAFTS:

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and ABBOT MCCLURE.

Authors of "The Practical Book of Period Furniture."

Profusely illustrated. Coloured frontispiece. 25s. net.

A thoroughly practical book for collectors, artists, craftsmen, archaeologists, libraries, museums, and the general reader. The volume is the result of great research and a wide knowledge of the subject.

PRACTICAL BOOK OF ARCHITECTURE

By C. MATLACK PRICE.

Profusely illustrated. 25s. net.

Not only a book for the man or woman who wishes to build a home (and for whom it is more helpful than any work previously published), but a book which tells the general reader what he needs to know about architecture—about the buildings he sees in Europe or America, public as well as private.

PARKS

THEIR DESIGN, EQUIPMENT AND USE.

By GEORGE BURNAP,

Official Landscape Architect, Public Buildings and Grounds,
Washington, D.C.

Profusely illustrated. Frontispiece in colour. 25s. net.

The only exhaustive book on the subject and by the foremost authority on the subject. Contains many new hints from the finest European examples of Park work as well as American.

BETTY AT FORT BLIZZARD

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL,

Author of "The Diary of a Beauty," etc.

Four illustrations in colour and decorations by Edmund Frederick. 6s. net.

A sequel to "Betty's Virginia Christmas," and presented in as beautiful a gift book style. The scene is laid at a north-western army post; modern in colour and suggestion. The plot is a straightaway army love story, realistic and yet as light as Betty's laugh.

WITH SAM HOUSTON IN TEXAS

By EDWIN L. SABIN,

Author of "Gold Seekers of '49," "Buffalo Bill," etc.

Seven full-page Portraits and Maps, also coloured Frontispiece. Cloth. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

BLACKBEARD'S ISLAND

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE BOY SCOUTS IN THE
SEA ISLANDS.

By RUFERT SARGENT HOLLAND,

Author of "The Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island," "The Boy Scouts of Snow-Shoe Lodge," etc.

With 4 full-page Plates and coloured Frontispiece. Cloth. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

Illustrated by F. Oppen. 100 illustrations, 8 in colour. 6s. net.

F. Oppen, the creator of Happy Hooligan, Gaston, &c., has chosen the famous fables to make a companion volume to his well-known "Mother Goose."

MOTHER GOOSE

250 illustrations by F. Oppen. New Edition, 8 pictures in colour. 6s. net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., 16 John Street, Adelphi, LONDON.

CONSTABLE AND COMPANY

POLITICS. By HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR. 2 vols. 21s. net.

THE NOSTELL COLLECTION. Catalogue of the Pictures and other Works of Art in the Collection of Lord St. Oswald at Nostell Priory. By MAURICE W. BROCKWELL. Royal 4to. 2s. 5s. net.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE EUROPEAN NATIONS, 1870-1914. By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D. Fifth Edition. With Maps. 7s. 6d. net.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By LORD CHARNWOOD (In "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" Series, edited by Basil Williams). 6s. net.

AIRCRAFT IN WARFARE. By F. W. LANCASTER. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

THE SELF-DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA. By J. Y. SIMPSON. Illustrated. 6s. net.

REMINISCENCES. By LYMAN ABBOTT. Illustrated. 15s. net.

INDIA AND ITS FAITHS. By JAMES B. PRATT, Ph.D. 12s. 6d. net.

THE HISTORY OF THE BONIN ISLANDS. By LIONEL B. CHOLMONDELEY, M.A. Illustrated. 6s. net.

LEGENDS OF GODS AND GHOSTS. Collected and translated from the Hawaiian. By W. D. WESTERVELT. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

FIGURES OF SEVERAL CENTURIES. By ARTHUR SYMONS. 7s. 6d. net.

ARISTOCRACY AND JUSTICE. By PAUL ELMER MORE. (Shelburne Essays, 9th Series.) 5s. net.

DANTE AND WAR. By HENRY CART DE LAFONTAINE. 3s. 6d. net.

THE EPIC SONGS OF RUSSIA. By I. F. HAPGOOD. With an Introduction by J. W. MACKAIL, M.A., LL.D. 4s. 6d. net.

THE NORMANS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By C. H. HASKINS. 8s. 6d. net.

STUDIES IN TUDOR HISTORY. By W. P. M. KENNEDY, M.A. 5s. net.

SHAKESPEARE THE PLAYER and Other Papers Illustrative of Shakespeare's Individuality. By ALEXANDER CARGILL. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

THE NEMESIS OF DOCILITY. A Study of German Character. By EDMUND HOLMES. 4s. 6d. net.

THE RULING CASTE AND FRENZIED TRADE IN GERMANY. By MAURICE MILLIQUIN. Introduction by SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart. 4s. 6d. net.

PHILOSOPHY AND WAR. By EMILE BOUTROUX. 4s. 6d. net.

THE ULTIMATE BELIEF. By A. CLUTTON-BROCK. 2s. 6d. net.

A PROFESSION FOR GENTLEWOMEN. Being Some Reflections on the Philosophy of Housekeeping. By MRS. F. S. CAREY. 3s. 6d. net.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION. Over-Ruled. Pygmalion. (With Prefaces on Christianity, Marriage and Phonetics.) By BERNARD SHAW. 5s. net.

NEW POETRY.

SEAGARDEN. By H. D. 2s. net.

THE LOVE POEMS OF EMILE VERHAEREN. Translated by F. S. FLINT. 3s. 6d. net.

SONGS OUT OF SCHOOL. By H. H. BASHFORD. 2s. net.

MADE IN ENGLAND. Verses. By SIR OWEN SEAMAN. Paper, 1s. net. Cloth, 2s. net.

THE LIFE OF NELSON. By ROBERT SOUTHEY. With an Introduction by SIR HENRY NEWBOLT and 18 full-page Illustrations in colour by A. D. MCCORMICK. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

PEACOCK PIE. A Book of Rhymes by WALTER DE LA MARKE. Illustrated by W. HEATH ROBINSON. 5s. net.

AT SUVLA BAY. Being the Notes and Sketches of the Dardanelles Campaign by JOHN HARGRAVE. Fully Illustrated. 5s. net.

FREDERICK THE GREAT. The Memoirs of HENRI DE CATT. With an Introduction by LORD ROSEBURY. 2 vols. Frontispiece. 21s. net.

THE END OF A CHAPTER. Reminiscences. By SHANE LESLIE. 5s. net.

N.B.—A detailed list of Messrs. Constable's Autumn Announcements will be sent on application.

Constable & Co. Ltd. 10 Orange St. London WC

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 14 OCTOBER 1916.

"SHALL HE FIND FAITH?"

"Concerning Prayer." By several writers. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Problem of Human Peace." By M. QUIN. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

"Captains and Comrades of the Faith." By the Archbishop of Canterbury. S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d. net.

"Conscience and Christ." By H. RASHDALL. Duckworth. 5s. net.

"The Fight for the Future." By E. A. BURROUGHS. Nisbet. 1s. net.

(REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.)

THE long correspondence that has taken place in the SATURDAY REVIEW upon the alleged decay of faith has shown that the subject of religious belief has lost neither its interest nor its perplexing characteristics. On the contrary, this war has increased them, but in curiously divergent directions. To some men and women the war has been like an inscrutable, irresistible force hurling them away not only from Christianity but also from a belief in any beneficent Force making unto righteousness. It is possible that the revulsion has within it a distinctly religious element springing, as it does very often, from horror of the cruelty of warfare. In such a case it may be the birth pangs of another and a deeper faith. But since those who have felt this centrifugal impulse are among the most thoughtful and capable, their witness must be accepted. This war has taken from them, they say, all that ever they had in the way of religious faith.

The term, "decay of faith", however, does not represent quite accurately the whole situation. It is not a question as to whether faith has or has not decayed, because there are not a few nowadays who claim that this war has drawn them inwards towards a more vital belief in God the Father and in the Founder and Energiser of their faith. This terrible national disaster has convinced them, to use Mr. G. K. Chesterton's epigram, that "Christianity has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and not tried". Such people are more than ever before convinced of the high importance to mankind of Christianity, conceived not necessarily as an ecclesiastical organisation, but as a vital force inspiring and regulating the social relationship of all mankind. They are also convinced, by what seems to them sufficient proof, of the stupendous fact of Divine personal interest in them and in others. It is not necessary for present purposes to attempt an explanation of the phenomenon. All that is required is to produce the evidence.

Perhaps the most impressive witness to the increase of faith in certain quarters comes from the trenches. Here, again, there is need for discrimination. There has been an inclination in some quarters to speak as though all the soldiers at the front have become religious. Perhaps the most that can be said about the men that have gone through the soul-shocking experiences of the past two years was well expressed by one of themselves who entered into conversation with Mr. Burroughs just before going back to the trenches. "You may take it from me, sir", he said, "they have been doing more thinking about God up there in the last six months than most of them have done in the rest of their lives." In some cases this thinking has been the stepping-stone to a more intimate verification of the great fact of religion, the sense of the presence of God. And it must not be overlooked that this war has within it certain mystical characteristics that have been lacking in other wars, perhaps, since the glorious folly of the Crusades. Soldiers nowadays are not fighting for the love of fighting, but to preserve English homes from a

brutality and a bestiality almost beyond conception. This idea has not been restricted to the classes who, from birth and education, are naturally idealistic. The English workman who has left his lathe, and the English farm lad who has flung down his spade, to fight in France, have done so because they believed that they ought to do so. And this obedience to duty has brought them—at least, it would appear—a unique confirmation of their faith. A young Gloucestershire officer, writing a few weeks back from the train that was hurrying him on to make his final sacrifice, said: "I have never been happier. I know now I am doing my duty". Mr. Burroughs supplies much evidence in point. Here is one instance, taken almost at random. "'Mother', wrote a young officer . . . whose highly-strung temperament suffered intensely in life at the front, 'I have seen death, and death is indescribable, but under the shadow of the Almighty I have found a peace greater than the terrors of death'. He was killed in a charge a week later, and a brother officer testified that he was one 'who would go anywhere.'" "Only faith could have done it!" This was the conclusion of some other officers when commenting upon the phenomena of a dead comrade.

Similarly the group of books placed at the head of this review must be accepted as evidence to the increase of faith upon earth. The witnesses do not lose their impressive character from the varying standpoints from which they regard the subject upon which they speak and of which they have no illusions with regard to its perplexity. It is not practicable to deal adequately in this article with their detailed arguments. The Primate speaks as a man of affairs anxious to get into sane perspective the religious emotions of the English people. Canon Rashdall, with his great philosophic ability, attempts to show in what relation the authority of conscience stands to the authority of Christ, and his conclusion of the whole matter is that the highest ethical influence of Christianity is inseparable from a reverent following of the personal Christ. The eleven writers upon prayer enter into a frank discussion as between those inheriting different religious traditions, in the belief that they themselves have learnt something they can offer to others in these days of "feeling the perplexity of existence", something to help them to lift up their hearts with "greater confidence towards the source of all light, of all power, and of all consolation". Finally, Mr. Quin, speaking as a convinced Roman Catholic, claims that in the "Catholic Church, with the Pope as its head, risen out of a sectarian exclusiveness", may be found the means whereby the problem of peace will be worked out among men by God Himself.

All who listen attentively to witnesses like these may at first be most conscious of the divergency of their evidence. Such divergence recalls the discords of Christianity which are now scarcely less painful to hear than the cries of war. But is it possible that these divergent notes are being changed, as in some great opera of Tchaikowsky, from a welter of discord into a majestically harmonious measure? It is possible. Please God it is probable. The eleven writers upon prayer differ acutely in details of faith, but this difference is infinitesimal compared with the gulf that exists between those who profess that they have Christian faith and those who declare that they have none. Between the latter argument is possible, but agreement is impossible, because those who believe believe that their convictions, although not in themselves irrational, rest upon an assurance which is to them a matter of super-rational experience, and which cannot be experienced and even understood without an experimental act of faith. Perhaps those who have faith would be likely to be more useful to those who have not if, instead of arguing, they applied the words John Hunter used to his medical students: "Do not think, try." This was certainly the conclusion of George John Romanes. In his fine "Thoughts on Religion" he concluded: "Do the doctrine, and if Christianity be true the verification will come, not in-

deed mediately through any course of speculative reason, but immediately by spiritual intuition. Only if a man has faith enough to make this venture honestly will he be in a just position for deciding the issue."

THE FRIEND.

"Memories." By Edward Clodd. Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE should be no winter in the life of a sane and friendly person. From fifty to the grave should be a varied autumn, with a harvest season as a prelude to a continuous St. Martin's summer. In the case of Edward Clodd, who was born at Margate on 1 July 1840, the autumn of life is kept fresh and pure and communicative by a true genius of friendliness. His mind at seventy-six is a mind of fifty enriched with six-and-twenty years of generous thought in generous company. Though it belongs to its past history, to its old convictions and attachments, it is alert and wide-awake in its attitude towards current events and the changing tides of action and reaction. When a mind is really old, when its autumn has passed into winter, either it scorns the present or tries to frolic with the youngsters, who discover new arts in their inexperience. Edward Clodd is a critic always: he says with Smith Minor: "A friend is a chap what you knows everything about, but you likes him all the same". Humour keeps him from the wear-and-tear of enmity and enables him to express with urbane candour his dislikes. It is humour also that makes his conduct of a controversy as brief as possible, and serenely logical. If an argument of his begins to go upstairs, it is certain to show you the upper rooms; it never drops you suddenly and mysteriously into the cellar, as do controversialists when they become afraid of their sequent reasoning. But Mr. Clodd was a banker from 1862 to 1915, and Juno Moneta has nothing to do with illogicians. She aided him in his hobby as a man of science, as a follower of Darwin and Huxley, and of the revolution in Biblical criticism begun by "Essays and Reviews". A great many persons turn with pleasure from the cool and kindly logic of Edward Clodd to the spiritualism that Russel Wallace imported from dreams into a long search after scientific truth; but logic defends itself like correct arithmetic, however much its total may be disliked.

The publication of his first book, "The Childhood of the World", introduced Mr. Clodd to the realm of research, and other books added to the number of his friends. In these "Memories", after a short chapter of autobiography, he writes about thirty-five men and three women—Lady Burton, Mary Henrietta Kingsley, and Eliza Lynn Linton. The men are as variously different as they well could be, ranging from Huxley and Herbert Spencer to George Meredith and Andrew Lang; from Holman Hunt to Paul Du Chailu; and from Sir William Huggins to George Gissing, Grant Allen, Edward FitzGerald, Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall, Cotter Morison, York Powell, Sir John Rhys, Joseph Thomson, H. W. Bates, Samuel Butler, and the Rev. Charles Voysey. Many letters are given in full; abundant wit and anecdote play around the wistful seriousness, and the author says, with York Powell: "I have met men I am proud to think about, and if they have cared for me half as much as I have cared for them, I have not been badly loved".

Several men whom outsiders did not understand—George Gissing, for instance, and Grant Allen—live in these pages in an intimate manner, full of charm. Literature was "no Grub Street" to Gissing, but his letters are manly and companionable. For example: "It will amuse you to learn that all the noise about 'Ryecroft' has hitherto resulted in a total sale which means, to me, not quite £200! There is literary success for you! Yet I have nearly three score letters from strangers about this book, most of them enthusiastic. The fact of the matter is that some men are born not to make money. I do not touch the 'great

SUPP
public
know,
compl
seriou
Mr.
these
a boo
'Th
if he
Geo
told
haunt
he wi
ences
here
and f
not a
inter
purel
artist
stude
Clodd
into
autho
moth
matte
the a
be ke
Ho
—the
accu
not t
Mrs.
nicel
than
touch
Mere
Geor
Arth
provi
chan
pursu
"
bridg
from
some
curio
incon
Mere
Mr.
him.
times
"Th
Mr.
coul
old a
Al
men
pres
gene
futu
seem
their
cultu
eigh
origi
Prog
"isr
that
grea
on t
nece
time
victi
devic
and
much
slack
by h
to th

public', and I suppose never shall. Well, as you know, I don't complain of this; what right have I to complain? But the practical issue grows very serious."

Mr. Clodd adds a note to this passage: "While these sheets are passing through the Press there comes a bookseller's catalogue offering the MS. of Gissing's 'The Emancipated' as a bargain at £120! I question if he made half the sum on the book itself."

George Meredith is seen tolerably here, though he told Mr. Clodd, in a letter, that horribly would he haunt the man who wrote a memoir of him. We hope he will not haunt Mr. Clodd; but, frankly, the references to the family and private life of George Meredith here indulged in disagree with us. We taste them and find them a displeasing—and, it must be added, not a particularly well-cooked—dish. What earthly interest—or what earthly legitimate interest—have the purely private and family affairs of great authors or artists to do with the readers of their books or the students of their pictures? Because we read Mr. Clodd's book, is this a reason why we should intrude into Mr. Clodd's private and family affairs? An author's or an artist's relation with his father and mother, wife and children, are his private affairs, no matter how famous he be. Indeed, the more famous the author or artist, the more such intimacies might be kept from publicity.

However, as Mr. Clodd has chosen to lift—or relift—the veil, we would offer a suggestion or two towards accuracy. Thus the Mrs. O'Shea he mentions was not the sister of Mrs. Wood; she was the daughter. Mrs. George Meredith (Miss Vulliamy) would be more nicely described as "a lady of Huguenot descent" than as "a lady of French descent". Mr. Clodd touches on the discordant temperaments of George Meredith and Arthur. As to this, we would say that George Meredith made strenuous endeavours to draw Arthur closer to himself. The Letters surely go to prove this, and it could be substantiated by other channels of information. However, we do not wish to pursue these matters. Let them be!

"The Shaving of Shagpat" was written at Weybridge by George Meredith, and money kept away from his fame till "Diana of the Crossways" put some prosperity into his fifty-seventh year. It is curious to remember how he sweetened his bitter little income by reading to a blind lady, Mrs. Wood. But Meredith never swerved from his creed of hope, and Mr. Clodd shows that his humour was always with him. The roguish element in his wit went too far at times in banter, in teasing, and in excellent fooling. "The comic spirit was unquenchable in him", says Mr. Clodd, "and not even the discomfort of his victim could check it, till in the mellowness which, in his case, old age happily brought, the tartness vanished".

All the portraits in this book of chatty and charming memories are so full of life that they make the past present, and this fact may not recommend it to a generation that thinks overmuch about to-day and the future. Meredith said: "Most of the young novelists seem to me not to have read and observed enough; their books lack the allusiveness which is a note of culture, and evidence of character and study". In the eighteen-seventies a burning desire to be new and original began to displace the influence of old masters. Progress henceforth was to be a scamper into immortal "isms". And the young are still too eager to forget that true genius absorbs the past as naturally as a great river swallows up its tributaries and flows on and on through the centuries. Mr. Clodd does useful and necessary work by writing of men who studied present times in man's past history, and whose beliefs and convictions were fearless and virile, not anæmic and devious. He regrets that Huxley left no successor, and deplores the presence of neurotic qualities in so much latter-day thought and effort. But, now that the slackened sinews of the nation have been braced up by heroic deeds, a noble renaissance ought to come to the whole intellectual life.

THE CANADIANS AT YPRES.

"In the Ypres Salient." By Major Beckles Willson. Simpkin. 1s. net.

IN this high-hearted story from the battle-lines we follow through many vicissitudes the third battle of Ypres, which was fought between 2 and 16 June of this year. A prefatory note relates how the Ypres salient was formed in the autumn of 1914, when the 7th Division and the 3rd Cavalry Division marched through Ypres and penetrated to a point six miles beyond the Allied front as it ran north and south. Instantly the Germans tried to crush in this inquisitive peninsula, and a terrific battle raged from 20 October to 11 November. Six months later—between 22 April and 13 May—a second big grapple kept the road to Calais barred, and the enemy learnt to know the value of Canadian troops. And the third battle was as fierce as the others, for it was heralded by a German bombardment that equalled in ravaging intensity the artillery preparations that tested the French at Verdun. On the Somme the British bombardments have been more awful, but Major Beckles Willson says that the German effort this June along the whole Canadian line became overwhelming. Not only did it deafen the ear and paralyse the nerves, it even darkened the firmament. Dazed men groped about amid the earthquake of explosions. Behind the Canadian front line "a high wall of descending shells, screaming, crashing, exploding, emitting clouds of noxious smoke, shut off chance of escape by the communication trenches and all hope of support and succour from the reserve trenches in the rear. Moments passed that seemed hours, and then the iron and steel missiles began to rain down and explode in the front line, scattering death and destruction. Nothing could live for long in such a tempest. The sides of the trenches began to crumble and fall in. Yet by a miracle our men held on, darting from one devastated section to another in order to gain refuge".

This hell let loose was active just four hours: then the enemy advanced gaily, thinking that they would have no fighting to do. At first they were opposed by a handful of wild-eyed soldiers who had escaped death in the front-line trench, and who fought with rifles and pistols and fists until they perished. As soon as possible the Canadian supports hurried forward, and it is of their deeds that Major Beckles Willson writes in a most inspiring manner. English boys, like the boys of Canada, will be his friends as they follow through his Tyrtæan pages the changing story of a wonderful battle.

There are many anecdotes, and we choose two or three. When the Canadians began their famous counter-attack two of their men were hit by the same bullet, one in the face and one in the arm. They lay side by side—and quarrelled. An officer came up and asked for an explanation. One explained warmly that he claimed the bullet as a souvenir because he was the first to be hit by it, while the other insisted that the bullet was his by rights as it had stuck in him. Can souvenir-humbag go farther? Another tale concerns a gunner who fell asleep from exhaustion by the side of his gun, and who was not awakened by the enemy's bombardment. When they advanced the gunner was so fast asleep that he was passed by as a dead man, but two of them took his gun and began to work it. Presently the sleeper awoke, and, feeling quite fresh after his more than forty winks, he went to the gun's rescue, and was making an unequal fight, when several Canadians ran up to his assistance.

After the battle the Guards relieved the Canadians, and one of them said: "The Canadians—yes, sir, perhaps we have something they haven't got. But—excuse the liberty, sir—by God, we take off our hats to them! I tell you what, sir, they're MEN! They saved the salient!"

A CLASSICAL COMPENDIUM.

"A Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, Geography and Mythology." Edited by H. B. Walters. With 580 illustrations. Cambridge University Press. 21s. net.

THE larger title which we give is important, for the words on the back of the book, "A Classical Dictionary", might lead students to suppose that this bulky volume was a substitute for Dr. Lemprière's famous work, or for Dr. Smith's "Smaller Classical Dictionary". The merit of Mr. Walters's compendium is that it combines with Lemprière's work on proper names the information contained in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities. We can find here alike the "testudo" which was the ancestor of the "tanks" of to-day, and Tacitus, from whom the journalist unconsciously plagiarises when he talks of people as "conspicuous by their absence".

Lemprière, who begins with a chronological table and strangely definite information that the world was created in 4004 B.C., and the Deluge took place in 2348 B.C., has long been out of date in certain respects, though still useful in others. He has one advantage over this volume: he gives references to the actual passages on which his narrative relies, and thus encourages the research which is always the aim of the ideal student. Take Achilles, for instance: where do his exploits outside the Homeric poems come from? Such references would not have added much to the bulk of the book, and we find them occasionally. Though Gallio does not secure a heading to himself, under Seneca there is a reference to him and Acts xviii. 12. Yet it is possibly more important to have the judicious summaries of antiquities which we discover here than to have a fuller list of personal names. Mr. Walters is an accomplished archaeologist, and our scrutiny of the volume reveals an excellent standard of accuracy in all that concerns the laws, customs, and domestic life of the Greeks and Romans. We note, too, several effective touches concerning art which would have been impossible in earlier days. Coins, sculpture, and vase paintings appear in the numerous illustrations; we see ball playing reproduced from a vase at Oxford, the process of baking both on a gridiron and in an oven, and a Greek doll, which had the crudely attached limbs known to the nurseries of to-day.

The book uses material derived from the "Companions to Greek and Latin Studies", and has profited by the researches of many predecessors, including those indefatigable Germans who make no account of time or labour when they sit down to exhaust a subject.

Quantities are marked in various words, and the book is clearly not for the professed scholar. It is for "the upper forms of public schools", also for classical students at the universities. The latter, we should have thought, would mostly be beyond it, hardly content, for instance, with a notice of Phidias which says nothing about his style, or another, of Sappho, which does not say how much of her work is extant.

With its sensible single alphabet in the Latin order and its ample indexes, the book is over 1,100 pages and a weighty affair, which it would have been unwise to increase. But some definite indication should have been given of its limits. That supplied of things "likely to come before the notice of the ordinary reader" is much too vague. The "ordinary reader" may easily come across quotations belonging to authors not mentioned here. We look in vain for Ausonius and Claudian, Petronius and Plotinus. It may be said that these are outside the ordinary range, but so surely is the historian Theopompus, since "none of his works have survived".

Varius has an equally shadowy reputation so far as extant poems are concerned, but is rightly included as the intimate of Virgil and Horace. We think the moralist must have had something to do with the exclusion of Petronius, since apart from his writings he has a claim on the memory as the subject of one of the most brilliant character studies which the greatest of classical epigrammatists ever penned.

Let us be done with these grumbles and say how much we find well done in this dictionary. The amount of truth in the traditional story of Romulus is neatly indicated. Cock-fighting, clothes, and Cicero are all satisfactory; ships are carried back to the Cretan discoveries, and figured as crescent-shaped, with high prow and stern; the articles on Hercules and Dionysus show the advantages of modern scholarship; and, finally, that great queen of the Icenii, Boudicca, is duly noticed, with a cross-reference for the weaker brother who only knows her as Boadicea.

A guinea is a good deal to give for a book in these days; but this one will doubtless be added to many a school library, and will need, at an early period, the rebinding which is the best tribute to usefulness. Boys will find their way to it, and after perusal will feel more confident about playing the twisters of the examiner with a straight bat.

THE KINGSLEY TOUCH.

"The Tutor's Story." By the late Charles Kingsley. Revised and Completed by his daughter, Lucas Malet. Smith, Elder. 6s. net.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, it appears, left an unfinished novel of some 150 manuscript pages, which his daughter, Lucas Malet, has completed. It is an open question whether the unfinished work of a dead writer should be published at all, and it is a still more open question whether anyone should lay hands upon it, however reverent the intentions. Kingsley, his daughter surmises, turned from this novel to write "Water Babies". It is quite possible that, even had he lived, he would never have completed this story or sent it forth in anything like its present form. There is evidence that he contemplated a more ambitious piece of work, of which this may have been but a rough preliminary draft. The novel was to be called "Alcibiades", and was to be the story of Alcibiades's career translated into modern times. More than a hint of this idea appears in "The Tutor's Story", although from a letter to his godson, Malcolm Kingsley Macmillan, printed in a prefatory note, it is evident that Kingsley deliberately abandoned the theme, for he wrote: "The truth is, I now know too much ever to write the book. I have been too much behind the scenes (i.e., of court, fashionable, diplomatic, etc., life), and should inevitably do what is most wrong for a novelist, introduce personal portraits, paint real calamities".

But apart from the speculation as to whether Kingsley would have desired the publication of this story, it is open to doubt whether it sustains or increases his reputation as a novelist. Its sentimental value is undoubted, but of its literary value we cannot write with the same certainty. And that is not because Kingsley belongs to a "day that is dead", a day for whose literary, social, or political methods his daughter admits she holds no brief; but because it is not Kingsley at his best, at the height of his powers. In spite of its directness, its freshness and simplicity, and a certain vein of didacticism which proclaims it genuine Kingsley, it somehow fails in grip. For all the "finish" Lucas Malet has put into it—and her work is so skilfully dovetailed that it is difficult to detect the interpolations and additions for which she is responsible—the novel remains unfinished.

The story told in the first person is always apt to be a little trying, and Kingsley has not surmounted the difficulties of this form of narration.

Brownlow, the lame tutor, suddenly pitchforked from the scholastic calm of Cambridge life into the great world of sport and fashion, is a fine fellow, if a bit of a prig. He has to act as tutor and bear-leader to Lord Hartover, a high-spirited and dissolute young nobleman, whose character is being ruined by his associates and the atmosphere of his home. The love interest is on conventional lines. Lord Hartover falls in love with a beautiful girl socially inferior, and by aid of her devotion and that of his tutor he works out

Duckworth & Co's New Books.

TO BE PUBLISHED OCTOBER 19th

The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan

By ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD

Author of "Running Horse Inn."

A new long novel by a writer who has printed nothing for seven years. It is the story of a young man from boyhood to the eve of marriage. Those who have read the MS. have been deeply impressed with its quality and power. "An amazing piece of work," "Profoundly impressive," "A fine piece of work," are some expressions of opinion passed upon it by competent critics.

432 pages. Crown 8vo. 6s.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Brought Forward

The last book by Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

Ready October 12th.

BERNARD CAPES'S NEW NOVEL.

"If Age Could"

Will be one of the most notable successes by this well-known Author.

Just published. Crown 8vo. 6s.

GERTRUDE BONE

The Brow of Courage

By the Author of "Women of the Country."

In the Roadmender Series. 2s. 6d. net; postage 4d.

ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS

A Martyr's Heir

Sir Herbert Warren, in a lecture on poetry in the Sheldonian Theatre, referred to the poetry of Arthur Shearly Cripps, "A poet (he said) who was well known as a writer of admirable stories in prose."

In the Roadmender Series. 2s. 6d. net; postage 4d.

LYNN DOYLE

Mr. Wildridge of the Bank

"A delightful Irish novel. Lynn Doyle has the command of humour of a high kind. . . . Admirable sketches of character." —*Truth*.

6s.

DOROTHY RICHARDSON

Backwater

By the Author of "Pointed Roofs."

"A book of courage and originality, of beauty and pathos." —*Times*.

Second Impression. 6s.

MILDRED GARNER

Harmony

"Harmony is an idyllic romance with an atmosphere into which the reader is so happily absorbed that the war and all its gloom and fervour is forgotten. We want such books to-day, especially when they are as well written and as dainty and full of high purpose as 'Harmony'—most admirably named, for the book is a delicate harmony of beautiful things." —*Field*.

6s.

ALFRED SUTRO

Freedom A Play in Three Acts

Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; paper covers, 2s. net; postage 4d.

W. HEATH ROBINSON

Hunlikely!

A New Volume of the whimsical Heath Robinson drawings.

2s. 6d. net; postage 4d.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

With the French in France and Salonica

"This, the last, volume by the late Richard Harding Davis is certainly his best. Deep insight into complex problems . . . engaging frankness. From cover to cover the interest is maintained." —*Daily Telegraph*.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net; postage 5d.

DUCKWORTH & CO., Publishers, Covent Garden, London
Please write for List of Autumn Announcements. Post free.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Shakespeare's England.

Being an account of the Life and Manners of his Age, by thirty-eight Collaborators whose studies have given them a special authority on one or more of the subjects included in the general scheme. With an Ode on the Tercentenary Commemoration by ROBERT BRIDGES, and a Preface by Sir WALTER RALEIGH. With many Illustrations in Line, Half-Tone, and Photogravure. 2 vols. Medium 8vo. 25s. net.

Saturday Review.—"We have little doubt that these fine volumes will be the book of the year. They certainly deserve to be . . . The contributors have been chosen with discrimination; they are all real experts in their special subjects, and between them they represent a wealth of erudition which no single scholar could hope to reach."

Political Ballads.

Illustrating the Administration of Sir Robert Walpole.

Edited by M. PERCIVAL (Oxford Historical and Literary Studies). 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

With a general introduction, and short introductions placing each ballad in its historical setting.

Lord Selkirk's Work in Canada.

By CHESTER MARTIN (Oxford Historical and Literary Studies). 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

The Black Death.

By A. E. LEVETT and A. BALLARD, and Rural Northamptonshire, by R. LENNARD.

Being Parts I and II of Vol. V of the "Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History." Edited by PAUL VINOGRADOFF. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Italy and her Invaders.

Vols. V and VI. By T. HODGKIN. 8vo. 36s. net.

A revised edition, in which Captain R. H. Hodgkin, Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, has incorporated the Manuscript notes of his father.

India. Part I. History down to 1861.

By P. E. ROBERTS. Vol. VII of an Historical Geography of the British Dependencies. Cr. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Imperial Unity and the Dominions.

By A. B. KEITH. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Economic Protection.

By JOSEPH GRUNZEL (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace). Royal 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

The Colonial Policy of France.

By A. GIRAULT (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace). Royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Sadoletto on Education.

A translation of the De Pueris, Recte Institutendis, with Notes and an Introduction by E. T. CAMPAGNAC and K. FORBES. Medium 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Sadoletto (1477-1547), a scholar of the Renaissance, who was Bishop of Carpentras and a friend of Erasmus, sought in his scheme of education to reconcile Christian ideals with Hellenic culture. A work interesting from the literary as well as from the educational standpoint.

The Growth of Music.

Part II. The Ideals of the Nineteenth Century.

By H. C. COLLES. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

New Double Section of Vol. X. Imp. 4to. V—Verificative, by W. A. CRAIGIE. 5s. net.

Complete Catalogue on application.

London: HUMPHREY MILFORD,
Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.

his own salvation and reveals the fine stuff that is in him. The moral purpose of the story is undisguised, and the "muscular Christianity" comes out in the various hunting episodes, described with gusto, which are among the most effective passages in the book.

A DIOGENES IN THE TUB.

"Organic to Human, Psychological and Sociological."
By Henry Maudsley. Macmillan. 12s. net.

THE name of Dr. Maudsley, long well known to many, and by some gratefully recalled, always raises expectation of vigorous controversy and trenchant writing. This expectation dates at least from his book "Body and Will", which perhaps first made Dr. Maudsley appreciated by non-professional readers; and that book was characteristic of all that its author has written since. This notable work, and an earlier one in 1873, "Body and Mind", appeared whilst biological science was still fighting for the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man". The tendency of science then was towards agnosticism and materialism, and men like Huxley and Tyndall were notably unshrinking and aggressive in expressing their opinions. Dr. Maudsley was amongst them, and it was the custom of controversy which involved questions of religion to be assertive and dogmatic. The atmosphere was controversial, and the other side was as bitter and contemptuous as their opponents, who were carrying on the campaign of science against schools of theology and the Churches. The controversies have now subsided, though they are not settled. Accommodations have been reached. Science has been mollified, and scientists have learnt more modesty about the things of heaven and even of earth.

Dr. Maudsley has lived through these changes into the calmer times, but he remains in tone and temper what he and his contemporaries were in earlier days. We do not mean that he has been untouched by the changes of social and political thought. We do not say, of religion, as there is much in this book to indicate that the hopes and fears connected with religion, and especially with Christianity, remain very much what they must have been to him throughout all his life. The contents of this book and its descriptive title, "Psychological and Sociological", show that Dr. Maudsley has been applying his fundamental biological views of things to politics, and especially to Socialism, which was only beginning very tentative efforts in Dr. Maudsley's early days, when individualism was the prevailing tone in religion and science and politics. As a system of idealism he is as impatient of it and contemptuous as he is of Christian idealism and idealists. One expects a new earth and the other new heavens, and Dr. Maudsley's scorn of such dreams is unlimited. It would be hard to say whether the dreams of Socialism or the expectations of Christians excite his ire the more. He regards them both as attempts to escape from what he considers the stern realities of man's own nature and the nature of the world in which he is placed. And it must be confessed that where revelation is put aside as being one of the products of man's own thought, and man is regarded purely as a superior animal, whose history shows reason with inconceivable slowness appearing in the midst of ineradicable selfishness, self-love, and the follies of passion and emotion there is little room for idealism. Dr. Maudsley does not make the common mistake of philosophers of exalting the reason of man. That would not be congenial to his mood, which is to depreciate as far as possible, and pour scorn over most things upon which man is inclined to plume himself. How little, he exclaims, has man done to avert the miseries of the past, and then judge how little hope there is for him, practically the same creature that he was ages ago, to establish, unless after some thousands of years, a system of Socialism that would work, as it would require the impossible, the speedy transformation of his organic nature.

These are unpleasant truths, but they are salutary, for those who expect by a coup the establishment of an ideal society, either economic, political, or religious. If Christianity, asks Dr. Maudsley, after so many ages is still an unrealised ideal, owing to the intractable nature of man himself, upon what are we to found our expectations of any speedy realisation of a terrestrial Utopia?

Many people will agree with these and similar arguments against the folly of Socialistic dreamers whilst having little sympathy with the premises from which Dr. Maudsley starts. They would begin with the postulate of man's immortal spirit, a soul to live when the body is dead, and for which there is a heaven; and it may be they would describe Socialism as a system which exaggerates the value of material goods and blessings, and is inclined to ignore the spiritual as being vague and insubstantial and ineffectual. Dr. Maudsley rails at their form of idealism more fiercely, and derides those who hold it more unsparingly than he does any other kind of idealist. The belief in the soul, in their sense, is to Dr. Maudsley the root folly of man, and accounts largely for his overweening vanity and his belief that he is a being who, in many aspects of his nature, is outside physical laws. It is at the bottom of most of the foolish idealistic misconceptions with which man is constantly bemusing and deceiving himself. Dr. Maudsley exults, takes his grimmest pleasure, in railing against this figment of the soul inhabiting and animating a body of dead matter. And, of course, it is a scientific stupidity to speak of dead matter; nor, in fact, do we do so now so frequently as was done when Dr. Maudsley was young. He is too retentive of the memories of those days, and the truth rather is that we think now more, as Dr. Maudsley does, of the wonderful, mysterious vitalities of nerve and tissue than of the mystic properties of the immortal soul. However this may be, it is certainly true that Dr. Maudsley's conception of the soul as the resultant of organic processes does make all schemes of idealism for the rapid improvement of the state and condition of man the baseless fabric of a vision. It demolishes the heaven above as well as the heaven below, and may also be atheism, but not necessarily. Dr. Maudsley seems to object to this quite possible inference. The basal folly of such a being must evidently be to have any scheme for the future. What exhibitions of silliness, of extravagant vanities, of baseless hopes, and unnecessarily terrifying fears are to be expected from a creature so constituted shaping his course by a system which could only do for one of a quite different nature. Dr. Maudsley does whip this ridiculous creature with lashes of satire and irony until one wearies, and prays him to stop. One is human, indeed, and before the book is closed the reader can stand no more patiently; the fellow-feeling with his horde turns him against the satirist.

Dr. Maudsley is an old man. He refers to this fact himself in his preface, and states that "the book was written to employ the writer on work which might occupy the time and ease the burden of the dreary decline from three to four-score years", and he quotes Montaigne on the folly of the man who "commits his decrepit age to the Press". Dr. Maudsley asks: "Is not Montaigne's dictum perhaps too absolute? Disillusioned old age, albeit failing energy unfits it for prompt decision and vigorous execution, has a set-off of some value in its store of experience, in its aloofness from affairs, in a cool judgment of them unbiassed by personal interest. Having experimentally proved, and therefore vitally felt, the vanity of vanities of mortal things (which full life repeats by rote, but never really wishes or wills to feel), it may, as spectator of, and no longer actor in them, judge sometimes more justly than younger life eagerly interested in its active doings, and deeply impressed with their and its importance."

This reference to the disillusionment of old age does not wholly explain the book in its general features. We think that if Dr. Maudsley at any period of his life had taken this same theme he would have worked

From Cassell's Book List

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR CHARLES TUPPER

C. M. SAUNDERS, D.D.

Edited by E. M. SAUNDERS, D.D. In Two Volumes. With 8 Photogravures. Medium 8vo, cloth. These books largely consist of extracts from the journal and correspondence of one of our most notable Empire-builders. 25/- net.

THINGS I REMEMBER

SIDNEY WHITMAN

With 8 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt. These "Recollections of a Political Writer in the Capitals of Europe" constitute a fascinating miscellany, possessing definite historical and topical interest. In his work for the *New York Herald* Mr. Whitman came into contact with an unusual number of distinguished men and events of international importance. 7/6 net.

EIGHTH IMPRESSION.

THE RETREAT FROM MONS

MAJOR A. CORBETT-SMITH

With 4 Half-Tone Plates and Plans in Text. Ex. crown 8vo, cloth. "The human side" of the greatest episode of the greatest of all wars. "A vivid and entrancing narrative . . . by far the most interesting story of Mons that has yet been published."—*Daily Chronicle*. "A book without which the history of August and September, 1914, cannot be fully understood."—*Yorkshire Post*. 3/6 net.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN THE WAR ZONE

KATE JOHN FINZI

The Record of a Woman's Work on the Western Front. With 16 Full-page Photographs. Large crown 8vo, cloth gilt. This diary is a "human document" of absorbing interest in what it reveals of the early days of the conflict. 6/- net.

Brilliant Cassell Fiction

FOURTH IMPRESSION.

H. G. WELLS' Latest Novel:

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH

Writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, re "An Autumn Harvest," Mr. W. L. Courtney says: "At the top of the list I place Mr. H. G. Wells' most characteristic piece of work, Mr. Britling Sees it Through . . . the only satisfactory novel written with the war as its theme."

"A really remarkable novel . . . a proud achievement. The free sincerity of this book, with its unflinching distinction of tone, is beautiful . . . a creation with which we have seen, in this country at least, nothing whatever to compare."—*The Times*. "Is assured of immortality."—*Daily Express*. 6/-

Other Important Novels include:

THIRD IMPRESSION.

THE LION'S SHARE

ARNOLD BENNETT

"An ideal war-time novel. . . It is all such good fun—so irresistibly and ingeniously gay."—*Observer*. "A most notable book—a gay and imaginative piece of work."—*Punch*. 6/-

MALVINA OF BRITTANY

JEROME K. JEROME

The *Evening Standard* says it contains "wild farce, parody, tender pathos, deep humanity, fierce passion, baffling mystery—all cunningly told. Mr. Jerome's humour bursts out most irresponsibly." 6/-

THIRD IMPRESSION.

MIKE

E. F. BENSON

"The most human of romances that have been written about the war."—*Punch*. "To musical readers 'Mike' will particularly appeal."—*Manchester Guardian*. "Mr. Benson's masterpiece."—*Evening Standard*. 6/-

THE HOUSE OF CASSELL, E.C.

BLACKWOODS' NEW BOOKS.

A SUCCESSOR TO THE GREATEST MODERN FICTION

SUCCESS, "CAPT. DESMOND, V.C."

Desmond's Daughter.

By MAUD DIVER.

5/- net.

THE BOOK TO BE READ NOW.

"The story is deeply interesting alike for its stirring glimpses of the fighting on India's border and its clever description of the Anglo-Indian soldier's life."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE GREATEST WAR BOOK.

The First Hundred Thousand.

By THE JUNIOR SUB (IAN HAY).

The Epic of the War.

Buy it NOW.

Price 8/-

"We cannot imagine that the war will produce a better book."—*Spectator*.

From Mons to Loos.

Being the Diary of a Supply Officer. By MAJOR HERBERT A. STEWART, D.S.O., Army Service Corps.

With Illustrations.

5/- net.

The Great Tab Dope.

By "OLE LUK-OIE."

5th Impression.

6/-

"The Great Tab Dope" is very like "The Green Curve," only more so. At his best the author is above everything exciting. There are story-tellers who make us feel that something is going to happen. It is a rare gift; Mr. Kipling has it in "At the End of the Passage," &c. "Ole Luk-Oie" certainly has it in some impalpable way of his own."—*Times*.

Diary of a Nursing Sister on the Western Front, 1914-15.

5/- net.

"Worth dozens of more pretentious war books."—*Daily Telegraph*. "Its pages are replete with vivid pictures of our wounded soldiers, all testifying to their wonderful spirit."—*Daily Graphic*.

TWO TIMELY AND DEEPLY INTERESTING BOOKS.

The Gulf to Ararat.

By G. E. HUBBARD, Secretary of Delimitation Commission.

With numerous Illustrations.

10/6 net.

Across Asia Minor on Foot.

By W. J. CHILDS. Illustrated.

10/6 net.

[Shortly.]

Walter Greenway, Spy.

And Others, sometime Criminal.

By ROBERT HOLMES,

a Police Court Missionary and Probation Officer and an Associate of the Central Association for the Aid of Discharged Convicts, Author of "My Police Court Friends with the Colours." 2/6 net.

My Police Court Friends with the Colours.

By ROBERT HOLMES, a

Police Court Missionary and

Probation Officer.

2/- net.

"Should be known to all our readers."—*Spectator*.

"This is one of the most inspiring books of the war. Socially 'it is one of the most significant.'"—*Daily News*.

England Hath Need of Thee.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER.

6/-

This book tells of the final episode in the career of a man who had wrought much for England and suffered much at her hands, and of whom one service more was demanded; of how he and his companions faced Nature at her savagest, and at last came to an earthly Paradise beyond the hills.

Two's Two.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

6/-

A new novel by the popular author of "A Lunatic at Large," which fulfils all the best humorous traditions of his work.

Wounded and a Prisoner of War.

By AN EXCHANGED OFFICER.

With Illustrations.

5/- net.

Gog.

The Story of an Officer and Gentleman.

By ARTHUR FETTERLESS.

6/-

A Naval Digression.

The Story of a Ship's Company. By G. F.

1/- net.

Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh & London.

it out in much the same way. It is not wholly by reason of what he calls "a senile disvaluation of life on earth" that he takes a pessimistic view of the human drama. Such an outlook is always implicit in a view of life founded on Dr. Maudsley's principles. In the period of full vitality and strength the effects of this kind of pessimism will be in abeyance, and a happy natural temperament may keep the theoretical pessimist genial. The disillusionment of old age will certainly be its natural flourishing period; but its origin is not there. What old age is really responsible for generally is a loss of controlling power to restrain extravagant expressions of censure. It is this want of restraint which indicates that this book is not the work of Dr. Maudsley in his prime. It shows itself, too, in repetitions of declamation against special objects of dislike. They are to be found in every chapter, whatever its nominal subject may be. The book, however, is a striking example of vigour in old age, and we may congratulate Dr. Maudsley on enjoying his mental exercise. His book would have been better if he had distilled into its pages more of the suavity and mellowness of age which appear graciously in the preface.

LATEST BOOKS.

"Elements of Folk Psychology." By Wilhelm Wundt. Allen & Unwin. 15s. net.

The great fault of this book is that its author handles his material too ponderously. He never knows when to stop tearing his topic to shreds; and as a good deal of the material is very ancient, even prehistoric, the Professor raises such clouds of dust that the reader is too often glad to get away. The book is at once extremely interesting and extremely wearisome; not to be left unread, and yet much of it to be read without pleasure or profit. The translator, Professor Eduard Leroy Schaub, of the North-Western University, America, referring to the difficulty of his version, speaks of the German proclivity to the use of long involved sentences, loaded with qualifying words and phrases, and with compounds and supplementary clauses of every description. But this is not a mere literary vice, a want of skill in expression and of artistic feeling. It is a want of tact, and lack of appreciation of the true nature of the subject-matter. Much of the learning about ancient magic, its ceremonies and worship, its influence on later religions and their sacrificial rites and doctrines, is inevitably doubtful as fact, and must be more doubtful as speculative explanation. The psychology of the practice of magic by primitive peoples must also be highly debatable. A certain amount of speculation and philosophising is necessary, but Professor Wundt exceeds all bounds of discretion, and he is determined never to leave the inexplicable unexplained, and his pages are full of pretentious and portentous oracular disquisitions that are nothing but pedantic trifling.

Yet it is fair to say that the book is well worth reading, not only for the extremely interesting account it gives of the actual institutions of primitive people, gathered from many sources, but also as a general scheme of the development of religious ideas and worship from very strange, magical and mythological beginnings into the perhaps equally strange later stages of religious and social thought among civilised peoples. The comparison and contrast have a certain value for the understanding of the growth of human thought, but one must not take too seriously Professor Wundt's inflated and laborious efforts to make out of folk psychology a highly finished product.

"Carlyle's Frederick the Great." Abridged and edited by A. M. D. Hughes. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. net.

This volume has been put together "for those many who would be glad to make acquaintance with the main moments of the story, as simply a study of personal and national character". Mr. Hughes goes so far as to take patches of the text from different places and combine them into a single paragraph. He cuts out amplifications and the parentheses of which Carlyle was too fond. *Disjecti membra poetæ!* Scandalised admirers of Carlyle might throw that quotation at Mr. Hughes's head. But, after all, the original is a very long book, and the summary here provided deftly fills up the gaps. There are maps of battles, and the editor's own matter in the way of Introduction, Notes and Appendix is all to the point. With this volume in hand and Macaulay's essay on Frederick, the reader who does not like the stodgy and scientific style of history can learn a good deal of the strange man who made Prussia. If picturesque history is ever to be justified, it is surely in the career of Frederick the Great, who was also so clearly Frederick the Little. What

comedy can be more delightful than that of the king, Voltaire, and Maupertuis, and what more apt than references to "the voice of all the world, declaring through its Gazetteer Editors, 'You cannot beat these Prussians!'" We know now what to make of such statements and of Carlyle's comments.

"The Æneid of Virgil in English Verse." Vol. I., Books I.-III. By Arthur S. Way. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

Dr. Way prints text and translation facing each other, and his aim is, like that of the Loeb Library, to bring the classics within the reach of the world at large. He wants to help "students to read the original through, instead of limiting themselves to the one book set for examination". This purpose should be achieved by his version, which has the admirable taste we expect from him, though it is somewhat hampered by the need of being clear to the moderate scholar. The long lines are, in fact, generally diffuse, and the compulsions of rhyme are occasionally apparent. The single line—

"His lacrimis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro," becomes

"Unto these tears grant we him life, and now our compassion demands

No further appeal".

But wherever Dr. Way fills out the sense he does it in a reasonable manner.

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Solve metus; feret hæc aliquam tibi fama salutem", is rendered

"There are tears for adversity, hearts for mortality's trials that bleed.

Fear not: this glory of ours shall be thine helper at need". The former line is fairly untranslatable, an instance of Virgil's brevity and suggestiveness. These points are obscured in the English, but one cannot have everything; and the class whom Dr. Way has in mind should learn much from him. He is capable of the conciseness which is one great charm of Latin, and gives us such effective compounds as "slumber-betrayed". Sometimes, too, there is a positive gain—to a modern taste, at any rate—in enlargement. There is something almost comic in the last line of the Second Æneid. Dr. Way lends it new dignity by his rendering:

"I yielded to fate, and my sire to the mountain fastness I bore".

Mr. EDWARD ARNOLD'S New Books

NOW READY AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND LIBRARIES.

CHAPTERS FROM MY OFFICIAL LIFE

By SIR C. RIVERS WILSON

G.C.M.G., C.B.

Edited by Everilda MacAlister.

With portraits. 1 Vol. 12s. 6d. net.

THE MIGRATIONS OF FISH.

By ALEXANDER MEEK, M.Sc., Professor of Biology, Armstrong College, University of Durham, and Director of the Dove Marine Laboratory, Cullercoats. With 12 plates and 128 illustrations, diagrams and maps. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.

ARBOREAL MAN.

By F. WOOD JONES, M.B., D.Sc., Professor of Anatomy in the University of London (London School of Medicine for Women). With 81 illustrations and Diagrams. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

THE DAYS OF ALKIBIADES.

By C. E. ROBINSON, M.A., Assistant Master at Winchester College. With a foreword by Professor C. W. OMAN. With 16 full-page illustrations from the author's sketches. 5s. net.

To be published on Wednesday next, October 18.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMORIES OF THE SEA."

FROM SAIL TO STEAM.

Naval Recollections, 1878-1905.

By Admiral C. C. PENROSE FITZGERALD. With numerous illustrations. 1 vol. 12s. 6d. net.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LORD

O'BRIEN, Chief Justice of Ireland. Edited by his daughter, the Hon. GEORGINA O'BRIEN. 1 vol. With portrait. 10s. 6d. net.

THE SPRING SONG.

By FORREST REID, Author of "At the Door of the Gate," "The Bracknells," etc. 6s.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43, MADDOX STREET, W.

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.

AFTER WAR PROBLEMS Edited by W. HARBUTT DAWSON, Author of "The Evolution of Modern Germany," &c. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. *In the Press.*

The subjects dealt with include the relations between Capital and Labour, and those of the State to both education, public health, child life, patriotism, Imperial federation, agriculture and the land, the housing question, the Poor Law, the alien, taxation after the War, national thrift, &c.

MY DAYS and DREAMS Being Autobiographical Notes by EDWARD CARPENTER, Author of "Towards Democracy," &c. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, Cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

The Times.—"There is a flash of the rapier about these subtle little character sketches."

THE POLITICAL HISTORY of JAPAN in the MEIJI ERA By Prof. W. W. McLAREN. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

Morning Post.—"This book will help the student of world-politics to understand the position of Japan."

ANTWERP TO GALLIPOLI By ARTHUR RUHL. Small Demy, 7s. 6d. net.

Scotsman.—"Mr. Ruhl writes interestingly about the personalities of the Central Alliance and conditions generally."

POLAND'S CASE FOR INDEPENDENCE Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. *Nearly ready.*

This book is a reprint of certain remarkable pamphlets, illustrating the vitality of Polish nationality, and written mostly by representative Poles.

AUTHORITY, LIBERTY and FUNCTION in the LIGHT of the WAR A Critique of Authority and Liberty as the Foundations of the Modern State and an Attempt to Base Societies on the Principle of Function. By RAMIRO DE MAEZTU. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net. *Nearly ready.*

THE TRUE CAUSE of the COMMERCIAL DIFFICULTIES OF GREAT BRITAIN By CECIL BALFOUR PHIPSON. Edited by MARK B. F. MAJOR and EDWARD W. EDSALL. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

PRACTICAL PACIFISM and ITS ADVERSARIES: IS IT PEACE, JEHU? By Dr. SEVERIN NORDENTOFT. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net. *In the Press.*

BATTLES and BIVOUCAS: a French Soldier's Note Book. By JACQUES ROUJON. Translated by FRED ROTHWELL. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"A vivid recital of the first six months of warfare. The language is direct and unaffected, soul-stirring and free from exaggeration; every page, nay, every line, compels attention and evokes the most sympathetic interest."

THE DIARY of a FRENCH PRIVATE, 1914-1915. By GASTON RIOU. Translated by E. and C. PAUL. Crown 8vo, Cloth, 5s. net. *In the Press.*

"M. Riu is rather more than a simple soldier. He is a writer of great gifts, narrative power, humour, tenderness and philosophical insight. Moreover, his exceptional knowledge of Germany gives special value to his account of his experiences as a prisoner of War."—*Literary Supplement of the Times*.

MY EXPERIENCES ON THREE FRONTS By Sister MARTIN-NICHOLSON. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net. *Out Oct. 23.*

A vivid account of the author's experiences in Belgium and Russia and afterwards with the French and English troops.

THE MAKING of MICKY McGHEE By R. W. CAMPBELL, Author of "Private Spud Tamson, The Kangaroo Marines," etc. With Illustrations by H. K. ELCOCK. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. *Just out.*

These verses reveal the discovery of still another Kipling, and those who desire a memento of this War and the lays of war should not fail to order their copies. An author who has secured the whole British Army and a large proportion of our civilian world for a reading public may be guaranteed to keep up his reputation in this book of verses.

NEWEST AND BEST NOVELS. Crown 8vo, 6s. each.

REDWING By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. *Just out.* Miss Smedley's latest novel is planned on a large scale, covers a wide range of social life, and deals with explorers, business gamblers and men and women of large ambitions.

FAMILIES REPAIRED By J. S. FLETCHER. Deals with a highly complicated matrimonial arrangement proposed by an Anglo-Canadian multi-millionaire as the means of repairing the fortunes of two noble families which have fallen upon bad times, and the plot involves numerous amusing and piquant situations and quaint embarrassments. *Ready Oct. 23.*

THE FARM SERVANT By E. H. ANSTRUTHER. Few modern novels have such a varied setting. The two largest sections of the book deal with a quiet village in East Anglia and with the Latin quarter of Paris just before the War. *Just out.*

RUSKIN HOUSE, 40 MUSEUM STREET, W.C.

Simpkins' Announcements

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPIRE

By ÉMILE MARCO ST. HILAIRE, Author of "Memoirs of a Page at the Imperial Court." Translated by CONSTANCE DE LA WARR. 10s. 6d. net.

LIFE OF VENERABLE LOUISE DE MARILLAC

By ALICE LADY LOVAT, Author of "Life of Saint Teresa." 10s. 6d. net.

THE ANCIENT CITY

A Study of the Religion, Laws, and Institutions of Greece and Rome. By FUSTEL DE COULANGES. Translated from the latest French Edition. By WILLARD S. SMALL. 7s. 6d. net.

New Fiction for Your Library.

CLEEK'S GREATEST RIDDLES

By T. W. HANSHEW, Author of "The Riddle of the Night," etc. 6s. Cleek; the man of forty faces: originally a thief and now one of the greatest detectives in fiction.

AT 1.30

A Mystery Detective Story. Unusual. Original. Different. By ISABEL OSTRANDER. 6s. A man is found murdered in his study at 1.30 o'clock. Who did it? This story will enthral the reader, as it goes with a swing from start to finish.

THE RED STAIN

By ACHMED ABDULLAH. 6s. A thrilling story of mystery and crime, which starts at Washington and ends in India.

MIDNIGHT AT MEARS HOUSE

A Detective Story. By HARRISON JEWELL HOLT. 6s. Author of "The Calendered Isles." Illustrated by M. J. SPERO.

THE CALL OF THE SOUL

A Welsh Romance. By MARION PRYS-WILLIAMS. 6s.

BREAKING THE KING ROW

Or, The Activities of Mr. Freshleigh, German-American. By COUNTESS DE CHAMBRUN. 6s. Author of "Pieces of the Game."

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

MR. HEINEMANN'S LIST**INTERPRETATIONS
OF LITERATURE**

by Lafcadio Hearn. Two vols., 30/- net.

"These lectures are criticism of the finest kind, unmatched in English unless we return to the best in Coleridge."—*Professor Erskine*.**A SHEAF: Essays**

by John Galsworthy. Cr. 8vo, 5/- net.

**THE WONDER OF
WORK**

by Joseph Pennell. Cr. 4to, 7/6 net.

Reproductions of a series, etchings, and lithographs made by him about the world—1881-1915. With impressions and notes by the artist.

**THE GERMAN ROAD
TO THE EAST**

by P. Evans Lewin. Demy 8vo, 7/6 net.

This book gives for the first time a comprehensive account of the *Drang nach Osten* and the growth of German influence in the near and middle East.

"A Masterpiece."

GALLIPOLI

by John Masfield. Illust. 2/6 net.

"It grips the mind of the reader with an intensity and an enthusiasm which no other war-book has achieved. . . . Mr. Masfield has written a masterpiece."—*Daily Telegraph*.**THE NOVELS TO READ.****GILBERT PARKER****The World for Sale**"Sir Gilbert Parker has the secret of romance. . . . 'The World for Sale' is an engrossing story."—*Daily News*.**EDEN PHILLPOTTS****The Green Alleys**"It is, to say the least, plucky of Mr. Phillpotts to put a problem before readers in these exacting days. Yet in doing so he has done well. He draws attention to what is a crying scandal and a cause of social cruelty."—*Daily Chronicle*.**SARAH GRAND****The Winged Victory**"Who could lay aside the volume until the riddle was unravelled? . . . A canvas as vast as 'Middlemarch,' and as illuminatingly peopled."—*Sphere*.**MARC GOUVRIEUX****With Wings Outspread**"A breathless account of the heroic adventures of a French air-pilot."—*Times*.**RICHARD DEHAN****Gilded Vanity**"One of the most amusing society novels ever written."—*Sunday Times*.**WM. HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.****D. APPLETON & COMPANY****THE GIRL PHILIPPA** Robert W. Chambers

A splendid romance of love, telling the adventures of an English officer, an American artist, and the Girl Philippa in Alsace-Lorraine during the early days of the great war. 6s.

MARY-GUSTA Joseph C. Lincoln

The little girl who mothered her Cape Cod guardians in spite of their attempts to bring her up. 6s.

THE FALL OF A NATION Thomas Dixon

A startling story of the invasion and conquest of the United States of America by an enemy nation. 6s.

THE CRUISE OF THE JASPER B Don Marquis

A book with a thousand laughs. The story of a newspaper man who inherited a fortune and turned pirate. 6s.

I SPY Natalie S. Lincoln

A mystery story of the German secret service. 6s.

THE BLACK EAGLE MYSTERY Geraldine Bonner

An ingenious detective story in which the murdered man solves the mystery. 6s.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN Maximilian Foster

The story of a girl's choice. A famous writer once said that a girl, in choosing her husband, should consider what will be her worldly position at forty. In this story the heroine has to decide whether she will choose the position or the man. 6s.

THE GOLDEN HOPE Grace Mason

A stirring Western romance. Two men and a woman battle with love in the California desert, where East and West meet in the struggle for existence. 6s.

THE SIGN OF FREEDOM Arthur Goodrich

A romance of patriotism in which the hero rises supreme above personal pettiness through love and devotion to his country's flag. 6s.

MARY ROSE OF MIFFLIN Frances R. Sterrett

A story of good cheer, for Mary Rose's motto is, "The way to make friends is to be friendly." 6s.

A WARWICKSHIRE LAD George M. Martin

A delightful little volume, telling the story of the boyhood of the poet Shakespeare. 3s. 6d. net.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE Porter E. Browne

This is a story that will cure you of pacifism, provided it doesn't kill you with laughter. It is a plea for preparedness in the form of humorous fiction. 3s. 6d. net.

WOODROW WILSON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

Prof. H. J. Ford

An intimate account of the personal traits and character of the most conspicuous man in the United States to-day. 6s. net.

THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLAND

Dr. J. A. Zahm

Revealing the history, the romance, and the present-day status of Brazil, the Argentine, Chile, Paraguay, and Uruguay. 15s. net.

ISLES OF SPICE AND PALM A. Hyatt Verrill

A volume of travel around the most attractive but least known of the West Indian Islands—the Lesser Antilles. 6s. net.

BY MOTOR TO THE GOLDEN GATE Emily Post

From New York to San Francisco by motor car. Good reading. 7s. 6d. net.

WHALE HUNTING WITH GUN AND CAMERA

Roy C. Andrews

A vivid picture of whaling as it is to-day. 10s. 6d. net.

THE REAL STORY OF THE WHALER

A. Hyatt Verrill

This book gives a dramatic picture of the romantic trade of the seas. 7s. 6d. net.

CONTEMPORARY POLITICS IN THE FAR EAST

Stanley K. Hornbeck

An up-to-the-minute volume, giving the political history of China and Japan. Its accuracy will satisfy the most exacting student, and its clearness gives an added interest to an important subject. 12s. 6d. net.

THE CARIBBEAN INTERESTS OF THE UNITED STATES

Chester L. Jones

A practical, intellectual, and interesting discussion of the political, naval, and economic interests of the United States in the Caribbean Seas. 10s. 6d. net.

EXPORTING TO LATIN AMERICA B. Filsinger

A carefully prepared reference book for merchants and commercial houses on all matters relating to trade with South America. 12s. 6d. net.

VOCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY

Harry L. Hollingworth

Psychological studies in character analysis, methods of selecting employees for different kinds of work, the value of impressions based on the physical appearance of the individual. All discussed from the view-point of the psychologist for the benefit of the employer and the employee. 7s. 6d. net.

THE MIND AND ITS EDUCATION G. H. Betts

Revised and enlarged edition. Gives a clear statement of the elementary truths of psychology and an immediate application of these truths to education. It is a guide to mental development and conduct, and a practical application of psychology to everyday life. 5s. net.

Practical Books at 3/6 net.

THE BOOK OF THE MOTOR

BOAT

THE BOOK OF THE SAIL

BOAT

THE BOOK OF MAGIC

THE BOOK OF STARS

THE BOOK OF ELECTRICITY

THE BOOK OF WIRELESS

D. APPLETON & Co., 25 Bedford St., London

de force of being a perfect citizen without giving offence to jealous Democrats. What else did Lincoln do, and why is it that Lincoln appears greater than either Grant or Sherman, while M. Poincaré is never mentioned in the same breath with Joffre or Castelnau? Alas, alas, constitutions have to be taken seriously even by the parties who make them, and there is a world between an American and a French President.

Finally, I was deeply interested in what I saw of the religion of England during the war, and I should love to hear more about it. I detest the agitation which, after making women voters, will try to make women priests, but who would refuse his admiration to the Lady Pilgrims? How many men, of any faith, would have faith enough to bear that cross from village to village, and speak those words which are the modern version of the Baptist's message? It is also startling when one has just arrived from France to read in so many public places the multi-form invitation to penance and prayer. More startling than all the rest was to see at the touching inauguration of the Leslie Tweedie memorial Lord French and a number of officers on his staff join in public prayer. How impossible would not such a scene be in France? And, as men will be men, and the exhibition of private feeling is even more welcome in England than with us, what differences in environment and background does it not presuppose? It is the repetition of such contrasts and the lesson they bear with them which makes it such a motive for hope that the French and English are compelled by circumstances to live the same life and as a consequence frequently feel in the same manner. Alliances are of small value when they only promote what are called respective interests, but is it not true that long before the war there were sympathies on either side of the Channel which the Colonial wars, the Napoleonic wars, or Fashoda only disturbed superficially? Read Walpole's "Letters", or boil down the enormous literature in English concerning Napoleon.

THE OLDEST REPUTATION IN ENGLAND.

BY VERNON RENDALL.

AFTER the oyster feast there was talk, as Tennyson has it, "across the smoke of burning weeds". The host, tired of the endless babble concerning super-Zeppelins, the intentions of Hindenburg, high prices and official waste, the date of peace, turned the conversation another way:

"Let us leave the futilities of the war prophet to war experts and rose-water Socialists. Give a rest to war talk. We don't win it by talking about it. Let us consider the oldest reputation in England. What is it?"

The answers were various. One spoke of the Druids, another of woad, a third of the flint industry of Brandon, a fourth of British bad manners. But none of these answers satisfied the company. The present Druid is not a Druid in the real sense of the word, and his reputation is confined to a single event in the year, when Mr. Lloyd George talks popular politics to him. When Collins wrote:

"In yonder grave [query?—grove] a Druid lies", he was celebrating a mild Scotchman who was no priest, and had no authority except as Surveyor-General by deputy of the Leeward Islands. Woaded cloth is still known in the trade, but has no particular reputation, and is more black than blue. As for the flints of Brandon, they hold the field easily in mere antiquity, but they can hardly be said to have a reputation in England nowadays. We do not use them as our

ancestors did. The idea of British bad manners was universally scouted. Horace did, indeed, as the Scholar of the company said, describe the Britons as "fierce to strangers", but that was only a proper spirit of independence. Who would wear his heart on his sleeve for an invading Roman?

"The Roman roads?" queried another.

"No; they have lost some of their reputation; they are tediously straight. Everyone knows that the longer way round is the shorter way over; and, in any case, the fame I am thinking of begins earlier. Ingrates, thrice gorged ingrates, I am thinking of the British oyster."

The Scholar brightened, and the whole company burst into animated reminiscences of the glorious bivalve—of Gargantuan guzzlings, poisonings, wonderful recoveries of health, natives and other sorts, pearls and pearl-divers. Amid the tumult of voices it was difficult to hear much, but the loudest proclaimed their voracity at the expense of their veracity. Some few facts and reminiscences, however, emerged. The oldest reputation was established out of Juvenal. The connoisseur of the Fourth Satire, familiar with Nero's midnight orgies, could nicely discriminate at the first taste the native oyster from that bred on Richborough beds. Richborough (Rutupiæ), the site of which is not far from Sandwich, was a large Roman settlement, and, Ammianus says, one end of the regular route to France and Boulogne. Horace knew oysters as a medicine for the disordered overeater, and all the Roman gourmets appreciated their quality. They were fattened in the Lucrine Lake, made into hot dishes, and eaten with a particular sort of bread.

As long ago as 1599 it was declared "unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an r in their name to eat an oyster". Yet there was a notion that on St. James's Day (25 July) whoever ate them would not want money for the rest of the year. This superstition was, however, mainly due to the demand, not for oysters, but for oyster shells on that day to make the shrine of St. James, still recalled in London streets with the cry: "Remember the grotto". The French have long made efforts to keep the oyster in season all the year round. They have many more sorts than we have, and one of them, with that admirable gaiety which distinguishes our neighbours, wears a green beard.

The distinction of the pearl alone would set the oyster far above other foods. The messenger of Antony in Shakespeare's great play presents a pearl with the message:

"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster".

Touchstone remarks that "Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster". Benedick "will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool" as to fall in love. Even so, in the state of a bivalve he might be unfortunate, for Sheridan tells us that "an oyster may be crossed in love".

If these be trifles, we may think of the magnificent declaration of Pistol:

"Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open".

Oysters have made and maintained heroes: superior to the claims of tobacco, Frederick the Great could not do without them, and when, says Macaulay, "more than four rixdollars were asked him for a hundred oysters, he stormed as if he had heard that one of his generals had sold a fortress".

Moderns might be equally furious at the differences between wholesale and retail prices, and resolve always to buy a barrel of oysters at a time.

For sweetness alike of taste and demeanour this priceless food is unrivalled. Thackeray, in his essay on George Cruikshank, says of an illustration of an oyster:

"Examine him well: his beard, his pearl, his little round stomach, and his sweet smile. Only oysters know how to smile in this way—cool, gentle, waggish, and yet inexpressibly innocent and winning. Dando himself must have allowed such an artless native to go free, and consigned him to the glassy, translucent wave again."

The fancy of Dickens played round the oyster. He writes from Washington, in 1842, to the American Professor Felton:

"Come to England! Come to England! Our oysters are small, I know; they are said by Americans to be coppery. Our oysters, small though they be, are not devoid of the refreshing influence which that species of fish is supposed to exercise in these latitudes."

To the same friend he suggests that "the air of New York, being impregnated with the flavour of last year's oysters, has a surprising effect in rendering the human frame supple and flexible in all cases of rust".

And the oyster-openers, what, he wonders, do they do when oysters are not in season? "Do they commit suicide in despair, or wrench open tight drawers and cupboards and hermetically sealed bottles for practice? Perhaps they are dentists out of the oyster season. Who knows?" The last thought is unworthy of a mollusc entirely delightful and refreshing and unassociated with savagery, unless, indeed, primitive man shaved with an oyster shell.

In the earlier days of Dickens oysters (even the best natives) could be had for sixpence a dozen. In "The Old Curiosity Shop" Kit led his party, after the show at Astley's, into a private box, fitted up with red curtains, white tablecloth, and cruet-stand complete, and ordered from a fierce gentleman with whiskers three dozen of his largest-sized oysters. It sounds an expensive meal for poor people, until we remember Sam Weller's remark to Mr. Pickwick that "poverty and oysters always seems to go together".

That was indeed a great epoch, when such a delicacy was cheap. England's greatness declined when the native was improved out of existence. That superfluity which is very necessary for the true enjoyment of food in the oyster only has no bad results. Somebody did point out that there were a few bad records against the oyster. Mr. Chatter asked Roderick Random to visit professionally Mr. Medlar, for "he must certainly be very bad from having eat last night such a vast quantity of raw oysters". But Mr. Chatter had no more regard for the truth than Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, and Mr. Medlar utterly denied the foolish impeachment. Who, indeed, can depreciate the glorious bivalve which was praised by the New Comedy of Greece, censured by Clement of Alexandria as the delight of the hedonist, specially secured by Johnson for his cat, and declared by Grimaud de la Regnière in the "Almanac des Gourmands" to be wearisome—after the sixth dozen?

Admirably gregarious and prolific, the oyster is a model for modern nations; the home, not of lost causes, but living charms; the easiest, yet the most nourishing, of foods, the most attractive of submarines. Confronted with such a miracle, wise men imitate the Walrus or the Carpenter—they eat more oysters than other people, or as many as they can get. They reject "the lore of nicely calculated less or more". They know why Robinson Crusoe, with all his resources and ingenuities, lacked gaiety, and remained a prig: there were no oysters round his island.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HUTS, CONTRACTS AND SUBMARINES: A WARNING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 October 1916.

SIR,—Two subjects to-day are engrossing the attention of a great number of people in this country—I was almost saying a great number of idlers, but that is

too censorious perhaps. One of these subjects is the submarine or submarines off the U.S. coast, the other the Huts Contract. There is an immense amount of talk and of print about these two matters, and much excitement is worked up over both. Now, of course, the submarine sensation will speedily pass completely away, and equally will the Huts Contract sensation. They are, no doubt, important incidents, but they are nothing but incidents.

Both are utterly trivial and transitory compared with the vast critical contest on the Somme to-day. Yet either has caused far more comment and excited talk this week than that contest on which the hopes of civilisation and the future of Europe so greatly depend.

It is a mistake to waste breath and energy on either of the lesser and transitory incidents referred to: unless one is an artful partisan striving to divert the attention of Great Britain from the great, vital and pressing question which the struggle on the Somme is continuously urging on the attention of all honest and patriotic people who wish to win the war, namely, How are we to get at once in sufficient numbers the men whom Sir William Robertson and his colleagues at home and in France are calling for?

Those who wish to solve this insistent and vital problem at once—instead of waiting till it is too late—will not take part in the excited ferment about submarines and huts and contracts; for that ferment is being adroitly worked up, be it observed, by the anti-conscriptionists and their friends, who are exceedingly anxious to turn off the subject whenever the question of the men comes up.

Yours, etc.,
VERB. SAT SAP.

LORD BRYCE AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea, October 1916.

SIR,—Nothing could have caused more surprise than Lord Bryce's recent advice that we should repress the spirit of hatred towards the Germans, who have for years plotted our destruction, and who are now restrained from carrying out their designs against the British Empire, not because of any repentance on their part, but because they have failed to carry out their aims.

There are many sorts and degrees of hatred, and that which we feel, and shall feel, in spite of Lord Bryce's no doubt well-meant but unfortunate counsels, is that which forces us to abhor criminals who show no repentance for their misdeeds. Never has a war among civilised people been waged with such entire discarding of the laws of God and man, and of all that chivalry and humanity has up to now always given examples of. And never let it be forgotten that the German Press and people have not, with the exception of one man, Liebknecht, raised a voice against the crimes of Germany. Lord Bryce thinks we ought not to hate or spurn such a nation. This advice comes somewhat curiously from the chairman whose commission investigated the horrors wrought by Germans in Belgium. The Germans boast that the German army is the German nation—"Das Volk in Waffen". In their minds the two terms are synonymous; and if we detest Prussian militarism which permeates Germany from one end to the other, we cannot but hate Germany and Germans, except in the most improbable event of a repentance and an awakening, which would impel them to rise in revolution against their rulers.

It was stated that some of the horrors committed upon the Belgians and especially upon women and children were of such a horrible and bestial description that they could not be published for decency's sake! It is this nation which Lord Bryce advises us not to hate and to admit after the war to our friendship. Napoleon said of the Russians, "Grattez le Russe et vous trouvez le Tartare"; we can truly say of the Germans to-day, "Grattez le Boche et vous trouvez le Hun". The leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiop his skin, still less can

the German change his nature, though he can conceal it with wonderful adroitness.

Lord Bryce's remarks were singularly ill-timed, and can only be taken as an indication of support to those who are ready to make a humiliating and premature peace, and they will produce a great deal of disgust among our soldiers at the Front, who will feel that if such advice as his bears fruit their sacrifices will be of no avail. Bethmann-Hollweg said in the Reichstag that the Germans had laid aside all sentimentality. It would be an infinite blessing if the same could be said of certain, no doubt well-meaning, people in our midst.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

SUPER-NOMENCLATURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 October 1916.

SIR,—After the "Super-Dreadnought" the "Super-Zeppelin"! The writer gave up as insoluble long ago the conundrum: What is the difference between a Dreadnought and a "Super-Dreadnought"? And this despite the fact that certain wiseacres have solemnly propounded that the original Dreadnought only mounted 12-in. guns as her main armament, and the advance to 13·5 in the Orion class constituted the latter "Super-Dreadnoughts", a theory which—pursued logically—would make the Queen Elizabeths, with their 15-in. armament, "Super-super-Dreadnoughts", and so on, ad infinitum!

And now we are confronted with the "Super-Zeppelin", a term shrouded in even deeper mystery than the naval hybrid. What, in the name of common sense, can it mean? Evidently not what the face meaning would clearly suggest—an airship surpassing the most ambitious conceptions of Count Zeppelin, for he undoubtedly has fathered them all. Not even the most ingenious of our popular "experts" can disprove that, and who shall elucidate where their ingenuity fails? The mystery has its advantages, however—for the sensational journalist. In our perplexity he finds his opportunity: hence his licence to bombard us with impunity from placard and headline with "Super-Zeppelins" morning, noon, and night. And not merely, be it noted, with the aerial leviathans of which Lord Montagu darkly speaks: length 780 ft., cubic capacity 2,000,000 ft., crew 35—and all the rest of it. The now notorious "eighty" of the coming London raid are to be "Super-Zeppelins"; the Cuffley victim—its small crew notwithstanding—was, of course, a "Super-Zeppelin", while the official description of the Potter's Bar trophy as "of the latest type" is quite sufficient to cause its translation into the more high-sounding category.

If, as one shrewdly suspects, it is this quality of sonorosity which is at the root of all the trouble, the story is irresistibly suggested of the old Scotsman who, asked if he always understood the pompous phraseology of his minister, replied in the negative, adding: "But, mon, the words have a grand 'sough' as they go past the lug!" Perhaps we should miss the roll of these "super" prefixes if they were too suddenly withdrawn. It is so much more thrilling, too, to be assured that the ball of fire we saw slowly descending last Sunday midnight was a "Super-Zeppelin" than to be told that we only witnessed the ruin of an airship of the common 500-ft. variety. And who would dare to lay hands, no matter how lightly, on the least of our accustomed thrills?

It is hardly necessary to add that the writer would have included "Super-Submarine" in his list were it not that this triumph in nomenclature (the full humour of which is only apparent on its contraction to "Super-Sub") might conceivably be connected with our means of destroying the enemy's underwater craft, far too delicate a subject to enlarge upon at present, having regard to the stringency of the Defence of the Realm regulations.

Yours faithfully,

REALIST.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND INTERVENTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford and Cambridge Club,

Pall Mall, S.W.

SIR,—There are three words in Mr. Lloyd George's admirable statement to an American interviewer contained in the daily papers of 29 September which it is to be hoped are to be attributed rather to the ears of the hearer than to the lips of the speaker.

After stating that any step at this time by the U.S. or by the Vatican in the direction of peace would be construed by England as an un-neutral, pro-German act, the interviewer quotes Mr. Lloyd George as saying, "The whole world must know that there can be no outside interference at this stage".

Why "at this stage"? Surely at no stage.

This view is confirmed by inference from Mr. Lloyd George's recent speech in the House when he referred to the Prime Minister's well-known declaration: "We shall not make peace until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed", as being identical with words of his own. Mr. Asquith made no mention of intervention.

President Wilson anticipates the time when it will be "our privilege to suggest or initiate a movement for peace among the nations now at war" (see his speech to the League to Enforce Peace, reported in the "Times" of 29 May). What justification is there for this hope? Germany began the war by invading Belgium and devastating the land, massacring and outraging the inhabitants because Belgium dared to defend her honour. Germany has continued the war by violating, not only the ephemeral rules of The Hague Convention to which the U.S. as well as the other nations had put their valuable signatures, but the eternal principles of right and wrong, without which the civilisation of America, equally with that of Europe, would perish. If Germany had fought cleanly and observed the decencies of war we could have fought her to a finish and then made friends on honourable terms. Does anyone now, after what Germany has done, suppose that when the day of retribution comes France, Russia, Belgium, Italy, and the other Allies, even if England were willing, will allow the terms they have spent their best blood to secure to be watered down by the tears of those who have looked on?

It may be asked, ought then the U.S. to have gone to war on the side of the Allies? That was not asked or expected of them. If, indeed, they had, the war perhaps would be over by now. That was not to be. If, directly Belgium was invaded, they had declared that they would have neither traffic nor communion with those who looked upon a guarantee as a scrap of paper, their influence would have been great.

Such conduct on the part of the U.S. would, of course, not have been neutral. But has not one of their own countrymen said that there can be no neutrality between right and wrong? We should no doubt have lost the services of Mr. Gerard and his assistants (all honour to them) on behalf of our prisoners in Germany.

I should, in my innocence, have added that we should also have lost the services of America in feeding Belgium had I not recently read a statement from the "New York Times": "America is not feeding Belgium. We have contributed about one-tenth of the total sum needed. France and England have contributed the other nine-tenths. If America had given thirty times as much to this one fund as she has given, the familiar expression 'America is feeding Belgium' would be based on fact instead of on a superstition".

At no time and in no circumstances will intervention be admissible. When the German Emperor comes, and comes on bended knee, to sue for peace, it is to be hoped that the answer, and the only answer, of the Allies will be: "The King of the Belgians will dictate the terms in Berlin".

Yours faithfully,

H. M. HUMPHRY.

GERMANS AND DUTCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In fairness, to the Boers of South Africa I feel bound to protest against the comparison "A. E." draws between them and the Germans in his letter printed in your number of 29 July. I hold no brief for the Boers. They were not always calumniated in "the newspapers of the time", as "A. E." could soon find out for himself if he were to listen, as I have often done, to their own account of the war. Still, to compare them with Germans, and to speak as if our estimation of the two peoples ought to be the same, is unjust. The South African Dutchman may be inferior to the Teuton in book-knowledge and in scientific efficiency; he is far superior to him in humanity and in common honesty.

When, in 1899, the Boers sent their ultimatum to England, and followed it up immediately by crossing our borders, their aim was the same as that of the Germans in the present war—namely, territorial expansion at our expense. Like the Germans, the Boers were prepared for the war, and we, as usual, were not. If they had succeeded in their efforts, and had been able to retain all the districts they invaded and annexed in the first few months of the war, the English so conquered would certainly have been disfranchised, and would not have been allowed to hold civil appointments; they would have been in the condition of the Perioikoi under the Spartans; but that is all. Their lives and, in general, their property would have been respected. No Englishman would have had to shoot the women of his family, as would have been the case in Britain had the Germans overrun it.

"A. E." says that in a short time we shall "respect" the Germans. For which of their conspicuous qualities? For their shameless perfidy, their cynical immorality, their insatiable greed, or their revolting cruelty?

We may feel pity for the blindness and stupidity of these people. We all regret that the good name of Germany has been dragged through the mire; but respect for that nation is surely out of the question for many a day.

Yours truly,
A BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN.

SWEATERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8, King's Bench Walk, Inner Temple, E.C.
6 October 1916.

SIR,—Can you make room for me to prefer the following request?

I venture to ask ladies to write for the printed pattern of a sweater and send me the knitted results for the men. The pattern is clear, easy to knit, and not extravagant in wool. I have sent out nearly 18,000 sweaters, but have promised Sir Edward Ward another 10,000 by November. The time is short and the number large, but what is that as between the British public and the British Army? Will very many ladies kindly write for the pattern?

Yours faithfully,
JOHN PENOYRE.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND FADDISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Those of your readers who advocate alcohol attribute a wrong attitude to us abstainers.

We look on them with pity. It is the drinkers who hate us, and consider it a personal insult to themselves if we will not "come and have a drink" with them.

Those who use Nature's thirst quenchers, water and milk, know that no other fluids can quench thirst. Beer and alcohol only promote thirst.

We abstainers have no objection to others ruining their health and their mental clearness, and shortening their lives, with alcohol. It is being insulted if we will not join in with them that we object to, and having members of our families tempted by "Come and have a cocktail—he will not notice it".

So-called "temperance drinks" are disgusting. There is no need for them when one can have pure milk or water to drink.

I take no credit to myself for not drinking alcohol, I always loathed the taste of it.

Yours, etc.,
"ABSTAINER".

ETON WAR MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 October 1916.

SIR,—I ask permission, through your columns, to inform Old Etonians that the scope and form of a memorial to their schoolfellows who have fallen in the present war is under consideration by a committee representing the Provost and Fellows and the Old Etonian Association. Full particulars on the matter will be submitted to them in due course.

Yours faithfully,
A. C. AINGER,
Hon. Sec. O.E.A.

THE DOG'S REASONING POWER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 October 1916.

SIR,—The following is a true story.

A few years ago a Wensleydale shepherd decided to emigrate to New Zealand. He had a clever, well-trained sheep dog, and the two travelled together by train from Askrieg to Liverpool, a distance of about one hundred miles. The shepherd put up at an inn and the dog spent the night in a stable. In the morning a horseman went to the stable before the shepherd was about, and the dog got out into the streets of Liverpool and was no more seen. The shepherd, greatly disappointed, had to set sail without his dog. Writing from New Zealand to his friends, he lamented the loss of his dog. But his friends wrote to him and said that eight days after he left home the dog was found asleep on the doorstep, footsore and very thin, but well enough, with a little rest and care, to recover and be as before.

Now how did this dog not only get out of the maze of Liverpool streets, but make the journey across industrial Lancashire to Wensleydale?

I am, etc.,
A. W. KING.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As the term "Church of England by law established" is entirely a post-Reformation phrase employed in legal ecclesiastical documents, it can surely only have reference to those Parliamentary Statutes that effected what has come to be called "the Reformation Settlement".

These Statutes are chiefly the 1st, 2nd, and 8th Elizabeth, setting up the Book of Common Prayer, "making good" the defects of the new Ordinal as to the consecration of the new Episcopate and asserting the Royal supremacy in all cases of spiritual jurisdiction.

Surely we must judge these enactments not by what they may be tortured into meaning, but by their actual results. The resultant fact in this case was to separate England from the rest of Christendom and to establish a Lutheran-Calvinistic system of doctrine which prevailed till the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Yours, etc.,
LEX.

A POSTER EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The "Union des Colonies des Etrangers en France en faveur des Victimes de la Guerre" recently held a poster exhibition. Why cannot we have a similar one, with the same object?

Yours faithfully,
E. URWICK.

REVIEWS.

OXFORD IN THE 'EIGHTIES.

"Lady Connie." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Smith, Elder. 6s. net.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD ought to know Oxford in the 'eighties as well as the palm of her hand, for at or about that date her husband was a famous Brasenose don. Yet Mrs. Ward either never learnt her Oxford thoroughly or her memory has failed her. We, too, knew Oxford in the 'eighties, and we cannot accept her hero, Falloden, as a possible undergraduate, or "Marmion", as the least like any college of that or any subsequent date. A fourth-year man, who had won the Ireland, and was within a week of his Greats school, would certainly not have joined in a "ragging" such as ended in the maiming of Radowitz's hand. Nor was there any college in those days—and "Marmion", since Falloden was a member of it, must have been a fashionable and first-rate college—at which a musical genius of Polish origin, who apparently spoke English perfectly, as Poles do, would have been subjected to vulgar bullying, which reminds us more of Tom Brown's schooldays at Rugby than Oxford. Had Radowitz been a young lord, with a ridiculous manner, who was neither clever nor athletic, then indeed he might have been "ragged" a little roughly—we remember poor Jimmy Gage at "the House". But Oxford undergraduates have always been scrupulously courteous to foreigners, who, if they have any touch of genius, musical, artistic, or literary, are more likely to be spoiled by adulation than persecuted.

Douglas Falloden and Marmion College are libels on the Oxford of those days, and we cannot suppose that life has grown more brutal at the University since the 'eighties. Perhaps it was a lurking consciousness of the fact that made Mrs. Ward, who writes freely of Christ Church, Balliol, and Magdalen, use an otherwise pointless pseudonym.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is also supposed to know her Peerage. Nobody is obliged to write about lords and ladies; but if they do so (for their profit) they are bound to be correct about their titles. Mrs. Ward has no doubt discovered that the British public, like the caddy-master on the Lothian links, "just adores the aristocracy", and, consequently, that novels about marquises and their relatives are good "sellers". We do not blame Mrs. Ward for trading on this weakness of her public: we merely ask that she should get up her facts. Douglas Falloden is "the heir to a marquise". Lady Connie, who must be assumed to know about these things, says: "I understand he's the heir to his old uncle, Lord Dagnall, and is going to be enormously rich. His father's a millionaire already". Later in the story the father, Sir Arthur Falloden (he is also called "Mr. Falloden" on the same page), goes smash, and is then discovered to be the owner of a stately "place" and a gallery of old masters worth a plum. On these facts we must observe that the brother of a marquise would be Lord Arthur, and that the younger sons of peers are not (unless they marry German or American heiresses) millionaires or the owners of palatial "places" or old masters. To make up for these blunders, which must be ascribed to carelessness, the scene where the German shipowner (a buyer), accompanied by his "expert", comes down to inspect the pictures, is a masterpiece. There Mrs. Humphry Ward is quite at home. The expert is drawn from the life.

The part of this novel which is really good is the description of the Hooper family in Holywell Street.

The don and his wife and his two daughters are people that Mrs. Ward has met and lived with, in her early days, at all events, and into their skin the writer puts herself easily and faithfully. Excellent, too, is the account of Lady Connie's invasion of the quiet house with her maid and her boxes, and the resentment aroused in the professorial women by her "airs". That Lady Connie should marry Douglas Falloden, with or without expectations, before or after repentance for the maiming of the musical and phthisical Radowitz, we think quite right and proper. For girls who like that sort of man Falloden is the sort of man to marry—and there is a good deal to be said for that hard and brilliant type. But we do wish that Mrs. Humphry Ward would take a little more trouble about details. We are told again and again that the time of the story is the 'eighties. Yet we are taken to a smart London ball at which the King and Queen are present. Then we are told that Lady Connie could not understand the petty financial troubles of her uncle, the professor. "Ruin on the Falloden scale was intelligible to one who had heard much talk of the bankruptcies of some of the great Roman families, owing to the building speculations of Rome, after 1890". This confusion of dates and personages and the slip about the marquise are faults of indolence or negligence which we do not expect in a novelist of Mrs. Ward's reputation.

WILL YOU STEP INTO MY COLONY?

"Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine." By Charles H. Sherrill. Constable. 6s. net.

MR. SHERRILL has written a really interesting, and even in some respects an amusing book on what may be thought a rather dry subject. He is instructive because he relates his experiences as a United States Minister to Argentina. He is amusing because he is a Pan-American, and has a scheme for modernising the Monroe Doctrine by persuading Great Britain to give up her Colonies in South America and the West Indies by a "trade" with her, as he terms it, by which she would get in return the Philippines. It is a delightful, naive fantasy, which surprises the reader into smiles as though he were reading a fairy story. When we have got them we shall then "trade" again with the Japanese, because it is really they who want them, and who look upon American possession with distrust and jealousy. America is in a cruel dilemma about the Philippines. She does not want them, they are expensive and dangerous, and yet she does not in the least see any way of getting out of them. Mr. Sherrill comes forward to show her how to do it by the afore-said project. He points out that it is very awkward to be warning off everybody from the Americas when they hold colonies on the coast of Asia, and that Japan is very sensitive to the incongruity of the position. To bring the Monroe Doctrine fully up to date, then, the Philippines must be traded, the four European Powers, including Great Britain, must give up their Colonies, and Great Britain must abandon her control of the Panama Canal under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Mr. Sherrill does not mean by "must" that America will make a quarrel about these matters; but he points out that the time is ripe for a deal because Great Britain is sure to want favours, as she is getting into debt to America for the war. Nor must we suppose that the United States wants the West Indies and the other British Colonies for herself. O no; she will hand them all over to South America, according to a scheme of Mr. Sherrill's, as another proof of the altruism which

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE CO.
 Funds £23,400,000
 London: 61 Threadneedle Street.
 Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street.

is the dominant note of United States politics when properly understood. Mr. Sherrill himself glows with altruism; but, without irony, he does give a most satisfactory and interesting account of the better understanding between the United States and the Southern Americas, for whose civilisation and peoples he has enthusiastic admiration.

O PROFESSORS!

"Converging Paths." By E. T. Campagnac. The Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

SO sure as a man is appointed a Professor of Education in England, he writes a book or books upon his subject. Seated in the professorial chair, with soaring human youth of both sexes hanging on his lips, the new professor might have been thought contented with his lot; but no, until he has sought to impress himself on the outside world as well his felicity is imperfect. Hence the press teems with works on educational theory, from huge and ordered tomes to impressionistic studies such as this of Mr. Campagnac. In general each author blandly ignores what others have said upon the matter, since Plato at any rate, and develops his thesis as one voyaging through untravelled realms of thought; an infinite complacency enwraps his musings. But the public, less complaisant, begins to ask: Can no finality be reached on this important topic? Cannot the Professors unite in the production of a work which shall contain, for this generation at any rate, all that we need to read and to assimilate on the subject of education? For there are other subjects, O Professors! Or is this asking too much?

It is good to possess a style which critics have already blessed; it is pleasant to make one's English "sweet upon the tongue"; but such gifts are unavailing if they be used to envelop an author's drift in symphonies melodiously obscure, in harmonies as vague as they are resonant. Mr. Campagnac, we dare swear, would indignantly disclaim any such intention; yet the fact remains that his very graces of writing serve to obscure, not to elucidate, his meaning. His chapters do not seem to follow one another in any sort of scheme. Each is independent of the other: they are not hung upon a common thread; they do not converge. The search for any leading ideas they may contain is as laborious as that for the proverbial needle; so laborious, indeed, that the searcher, even after a modicum of success, is fain to ask himself, Was it worth while? To write this is not to write a book, still less a book that could honestly be recommended as helpful to embryo teachers. One who is possessed of that ambition might profitably study some such methodical treatise as Aristotle's Ethics before sitting down to write. Converging paths are pleasant things; but an author who sets his readers wandering in a maze of words exhausts their attention, bemuses their intelligence, and makes Patience herself regret her monument.

TALES ABOUT RUSSIA.

"Russian Chaps." By M. C. Lethbridge. John Lane. 1s. net.

This little book has ten short stories and a travel sketch. They are written with charm in a tripping style, and their length is almost doubled by the space between the lines, which contains a great many useful hints. Though we learn much about our Russian allies, we learn not less about the author, whose mind is idealistic, unlike the outside welter of human enterprise and struggle. An atmosphere like that of a fairy tale transfigures page after page, and Russia is translated into a dreamland by a lady's imaginative tenderness. This illusion of gracious art is persuasive and charming; no fault will be found with it by any reader; for the realism of Russia's immense life can be studied in Russian novels, and also in some recent books written from the war by our own countrymen.

Some of the stories are less idealised than others, and a page here and there gets to close quarters with human nature. Only a few lines are given to the Cossack general's little wife (pp. 51 and 52), yet she and her tantrums are so real that they cannot be forgotten. The general is a figure in romantic description,

whereas the pretty shrew "holds the stage" of the story, because she lives and rules as herself. Another shrew appears in the tale of Father Spiridon, the village priest, who hurries from his home life into earthquakes of shot and shell, courting death scores of times in acts of heroism, yet losing no more than his right arm. On his return home he finds that his wife has been tamed by a ventriloquist, who has spoken as St. Nicholas from the ikon in her room. Many a hero in many hospitals has need of such a friend to prepare peace for his homecoming. All the women in this book are good. There is a Cossack mother who hides her grief when her eldest boy leaves for the war, and who keeps to the last her self-control. "My son will return to me", she says softly to her husband. "Come; let us finish our harvest". Another wife, after years of ill-usage from a vodka drunkard, pretends to cry when her husband joins the army. "Crying?" asks a neighbour. "Cheer up! There are others who have more cause to grieve than you." She takes her hands from her face and smiles. "Crying", she retorts, "certainly not. What with no vodka and plenty of fighting, my Yuri will be a different man when he comes home".

It is from these frank touches of nature that a reader will get the truest enjoyment. Whenever Marjorie Lethbridge is very fond of a character she drifts from creative art into a description charmed with her Gallic sentiment. Her women reveal themselves; while her good brave men move as attractive shadows in a story governed by her idealising admiration. When the men are substantial, when they live from within themselves, like Lazarus Kogan and Yuri Bogdanovitch, they are men for whom the authoress has no liking. But the ten stories are told with skill, and the chapter on "Russia Awake" is lively with keen observation.

NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are

	United Kingdom.			Abroad.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One Year ...	1	8	2	1	10	4
Half Year ...	0	14	1	0	15	2
Quarter Year ...	0	7	1	0	7	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS General Insurance Company, Limited

Authorised Capital	-	-	£1,000,000
Subscribed Capital	-	-	£779,481
Paid-up Capital	-	-	£381,780
Reserves Exceed	-	-	£1,000,000
Income Exceeds	-	-	£600,000



BANKERS:

BANK OF ENGLAND

London City & Midland Bank, Ltd.

BUSINESS TRANSACTED:

Marine, Fire,	Disease and Sickness,
Burglary,	Public Liability,
Employers' Liability,	Driving Risks,
Loss of Profits,	Motor Car,
Plate Glass,	Sprinkler Leakage,
Personal Accident,	Fidelity,
	Contingency Licence.

Managing Director: E. M. MOUNTAIN.

Head Office:

BRITISH DOMINION HOUSE,
2 ROYAL EXCHANGE AVENUE,
LONDON, E.C.

Incorporated
A.D.
1720.



Head Office:
ROYAL EXCHANGE,
E.C.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Fire, Life, Sea, Accidents, Motor Car, Lift, Boiler, Machinery, Plate-Glass, Burglary
Assurances, Employers' Liability, Live Stock, Third Party, Fidelity Guarantees.

The Corporation is prepared to act as **TRUSTEE and EXECUTOR**

Apply for full particulars of all classes of insurance to the Secretary
ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE,

Limited,
50 REGENT ST., W.
AND
4 LOMBARD ST., E.C.
LONDON.

Fire,
Consequential Loss Following Fire,
Personal Accident and Disease,
Workmen's Compensation,
Domestic Servants,
Third Party and Drivers' Risks,
Motor Car and Lift,
Burglary and Theft,
Plate Glass,
Fidelity Guarantee.

Insurances effected on the most favourable terms. The business of this
office is confined to the United Kingdom.

FULL PARTICULARS UPON APPLICATION.
APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

JOSEPH A. ROONEY, Secretary.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.

FUNDS EXCEED £1,634,000.
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL ... £300,000.
PAID-UP CAPITAL £34,500.

**LIFE. FIRE. ACCIDENT.
BURGLARY.
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY
AND THIRD PARTY.**

Write for particulars of Guaranteed Con-
tracts securing a Bonus of £2 per cent.

To the **MANAGER**, 1, 2 & 3 Queen Street Place, London, E.C.



The Benefits offered

by Life Assurance as conducted by
the Scottish Widows Fund are so
varied as to meet the requirements
of every class of the community.

Scottish Widows Fund

The Largest British Mutual Life Office.

FUNDS: CLAIMS PAID:
22 MILLIONS. 44 MILLIONS.

Write for the Society's Booklet.

Head Office: 9, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.
(G. J. LIDSTONE, Manager and Actuary.)

London Offices:
28, Cornhill, E.C., and 17, Waterloo Place, S.W.



**PANYAN
PICKLE**

makes many
**SPECIAL
DISHES**
besides
giving a
tone to
every ordinary
dish with which
it is used.
It's delicious
with Hot and
Cold MEATS,
GAME & FISH.

IT SHARPENS THE
APPETITE AND
AIDS DIGESTION

ON SALE EVERYWHERE
In two sizes at
Popular Prices

MACDONALD BROS. LTD., LONDON

The SUPER
CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA

Spinet

CIGARETTE

Tins of
20 for 1/-
Boxes of
50 for 2/6

R & J HILL LTD.
LONDON.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being much stronger
than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY
(LIMITED),
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - £94,000,000
CLAIMS PAID - - - - £126,000,000

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

THE desire for a relief once in the week from the crushing materialism of the time, and from intellectual and spiritual starvation, has probably never been so keenly felt before, alike by soldiers on active service and by civilian workers at home; and there was never a greater need than that which exists to-day to revise and correct views and impressions got by hasty and desultory reading during the week.

It is the particular field and the duty of a weekly Review to aid the public in these directions. This is the constant aim of the SATURDAY REVIEW; and that it meets with wide approval is shown by the spontaneous remarks made from time to time in its Correspondence Columns.

"The vigour and ability which make your paper a perpetual inspiration to every loyal Englishman who reads it."—10 June 1916.

"Sir William Robertson Nicoll often reminds his readers of a Golden Age that it [the SATURDAY REVIEW] had, but in my time it has never been so good as it is now."—10 June 1916.

"Your paper is always a joy to me, and its fair statement of the events a perpetual consolation in these days of exaggeration and pessimism."—11 March 1916.

"There is no paper which has stood throughout the war more consistently than the SATURDAY REVIEW for clear thinking, genuine patriotism and sound morality."—8 April 1916.

"Without flattery, the SATURDAY REVIEW has a wide outlook and is ready to think over new ideas on their merits."—4 March 1916.

"As an old reader of many years' standing of the SATURDAY REVIEW may I be allowed to say that I have seldom read a more admirable number. . . ."—19 February 1916.

"It would be hard indeed to find more lucid and instructive articles on the war than those of 'Vieille Moustache.'"—15 January 1916.

"May I take leave to say how much we here in the club of this station [Taunggyi] look forward week by week to Vieille Moustache's 'Appreciation.' It seems to me almost the one sane and reasonable criticism of the war. . . ."—15 July 1916.

"I read the 'Morning Post' every day and the SATURDAY REVIEW every week—which except a man do faithfully, he cannot call himself educated. . . ."—11 December 1915.

"The one decent bit of literature in the Mess."—13 November 1915.

SIXPENCE WEEKLY

Yearly Subscription : United Kingdom, £1 8s. 2d.
Abroad, £1 10s. 4d. An Edition is
published each week in time for the Foreign and
Colonial Mails.

10 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.

ELKIN MATHEWS' NEW LIST

BELLES LETTRES.

TALES OF WONDER. By LORD DUNSANY. With Illustrations by S. H. SIME. Square crown 8vo, 5s. net.

FIFTY-ONE TALES. By LORD DUNSANY. With a New Portrait in Photogravure. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net. [Second Thousand.]

GYPSIES OF THE HEATH. By 'THE ROMANY RAWNY.' With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s. net. Sketches of the every-day life of the gypsies of the Hampshire moors.

DESTUR MOBED and Other Stories. By EDGAR M. BERNSTINGL. With Preface by ELIZABETH LEE. Portrait, etc. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

This posthumous volume deals with the mysterious, the unusual, the fantastic. Precious stones form the subject of many of the stories, others are psychological sketches. The extraordinary production of a boy who died at the age of 16.

12 OCCUPATIONS. By JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE. French text with 12 Designs by the Author and an English translation. Imperial 16mo, 1s. 6d. net.

* Also 50 copies in boards, numbered and signed, coloured by the Author.

Although M. de Bosschère is well known as an artist and writer in Paris and Moscow, this is the first time his weird and imaginative work has been published in England.

THE RELIGIOUS POEMS OF LIONEL JOHNSON. With a Preface by WILFRID MEYNELL. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

* Also a limited edition on hand-made paper. With a Portrait. [In preparation.]

GAI SABER: Tales and Songs. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

LUSTRA OF EZRA POUND. With COBURN Photogravure. Large crown 8vo, 5s. net.

* Contains all the poems in Mr. Pound's newest manner, since 'Riposte' (1912).

VIGO CABINET SERIES.

NEW VOLUMES.

FIGHTING MEN. By C. FOX SMITH.

MODULATIONS: A Spray of Olive. By STANHOPE BAYLEY.

COMRADES. By ALEXANDER ROBERTSON.

EVERY-DAY POEMS. By DRUSILLA M. CHILD.

POEMS OF FANTASY. By WALTER HULL.

BROKEN MUSIC. By HELEN KEY.

London: ELKIN MATHEWS, Cork Street, W.

WHY YOU SHOULD READ *The Pall Mall Gazette*

BECAUSE the secret of its Great and Rapidly Extending Influence is that its predominant feature is NEWS.

It covers in a bright, crisp and easily found manner every important happening.

Readers of the "Pall Mall Gazette" can rest assured that they are missing nothing that matters, whether it be foreign, home, colonial, financial, sporting or legal news.

The lawyer will find the Cause List in the Final Edition every evening.

Other features are the Woman's Page, and the notes on Literature, Music, Art and the Drama.

THE TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION to the "Pall Mall Gazette" are as follows:—

	Per Quarter	Per Annum
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Special Edition ...	0 9 9	1 19 0
Final Night War (late fee) ...	0 13 0	2 12 0

ABROAD

	Per Quarter	Per Annum
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Special Edition ...	0 13 0	2 12 0
Final Night War (late fee) ...	0 16 3	3 5 0

The Special Edition will be sent for any less period pro rata—that is, for 9d. per week prepaid; the Final Night War for 1/- per week.

THE

Pall Mall Gazette

Publishing Office: 25 TUDOR ST., LONDON, E.C.

Messrs. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe, P.C., D.C.L., F.R.S. A Biographical Sketch. By SIR EDWARD THORPE, C.B., F.R.S. 8vo, 7/6 net.

Ireland under the Stuarts and during the Interregnum. By RICHARD BAGWELL, M.A., Litt.D. (Dublin), Author of "Ireland under the Tudors." 3 Vols. 8vo. Vol. III. 1660-1690. With Map. 15s. net.

* Vols. I. and II., 1603-1660. With 2 Maps. 28s. net.

Jeffery Amherst: A Biography. By LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO. With 2 Portraits and 5 other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt top. 7/6 net.

This is the first Biography of the English General whose strategy and persistency brought the French and Indian War to a successful close, and added Canada to the British Empire.

"A painstaking and attractive record of a remarkable career. . . Mr. Mayo's book is a very well informed and serviceable piece of work."—The Times.

The Penitent of Brent. A Story. By MICHAEL WOOD, Author of "The House of Peace," &c. Crown 8vo, 4/6 net.

This book has a two-fold purpose. It is an attempt to illustrate the working of the soul, both consciously and sub-consciously, in the invisible worlds. It is also written as a suggestion of the enormous power of penitence.

The Spirit of Christianity. An Essay on the Christian Hypothesis. By FREDERIC SEEBOHM, Author of "The Oxford Reformers," &c. Crown 8vo, 1/3 net.

"The religious conceptions of a writer of so much insight and breadth of view, and so fully immersed in business life and social work, cannot fail to arouse interest."—The Times.

Longmans' Pocket Library.

The Defence of Guenevere and other Poems. By WILLIAM MORRIS. New Edition. Cloth, 2/- net; leather, 3/6 net.

Songs of Childhood. By WALTER DE LA MARE (Walter Ramal). With Frontispiece. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Gilt top, cloth, 2/- net; leather, 3/6 net.

Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.

ARTHUR LOVELL'S WORKS

ARS VIVENDI (The Book of Vigorous Life)	6th Edition, 2/- net.
DEEP BREATHING	3rd Edition, 1/8 ..
CONCENTRATION	4th Edition, 2/- ..
MEDITATION (The Book of Clear Thinking)	5/- ..

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD., London, E.C.

GLAISHER'S COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF BOOK BARGAINS
NOW READY. Post free on application to
WILLIAM GLAISHER (Limited), Booksellers,
265 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

All Books are in New Condition as when originally published. No second-hand books kept.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.

Founded 1867. Incorporated 1911.

Excellent modern buildings with Carpentry and Engineering Workshop. Army Class. O.T.C. Fees moderate and inclusive. Scholarships in March.—Apply to the Headmaster.

A BRIGADE CHAPLAIN writes from Egypt to the Editor of the "Church Army Review" as follows:—

"Can you send me out a gramophone and a few records, if possible? Mine has been all through the Gallipoli business, and is very much the worse for wear after its 14 months' campaigning. It has been a great boon; in the trenches, in hospital tents, in messes, around camp-fires, and in many other surroundings it has created a home atmosphere and cheered countless homesick or depressed men. How it has lasted so well is a mystery; the bumping and rough handling in transport, snow and rain, sand and heat; and now it is gradually disintegrating. I fear it will not last much longer, so please send me one at once if you can."

"IF YOU CAN." There is the point. Will *Saturday Review* readers please enable me to send a GRAMOPHONE and some records to this good Padre at once?

Also we want at once TWO GRAMOPHONES to cheer gallant SICK SEAMEN (R.N.) in our NAVAL AUXILIARY HOSPITAL in Scotland.

Pray answer quickly to the EDITOR, *Church Army Review*, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.

Mr. John Lane's New & Forthcoming Books

PORTRAIT OF LORD KITCHENER. By CHARLES HORSFALL, 1899. Facsimile Reproduction in Colour on Antique Paper, in two sizes: (1) 19½×15½ on Paper 25×20, **18s. 6d. net.** Handsome Gilt Frame, in exact Facsimile of the original. Price **25s. net.** (2) Facsimile Reproduction on Rough Paper 12×9 on Paper 20×15. **5s. net.**

Friends of Lord Kitchener have pronounced the original the most faithful likeness ever made, and the reproduction is as fine as to be almost indistinguishable from the original.

MODERN PAINTING: Its Tendency and Meaning. By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT. With 4 Colour Plates and 32 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **12s. 6d. net.**

CHARLES FROHMAN: Manager and Man. By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON and DANIEL FROHMAN. With an Appreciation by Sir J. M. BARRIE. Many Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **12s. 6d. net.**

NEW CARTOONS. By CHARLES DANA GIBSON. Royal 4to. **12s. 6d. net.**

THE HUMAN TRAGEDY. By ANATOLE FRANCE. Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by MICHEL SEVIER. Crown 4to. **10s. 6d. net.**

MY LIFE AND WORK. By EDMUND KNOWLES MUSPRATT, LL.D., F.C.S., &c. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **7s. 6d. net.**

PICTURES OF RUINED BELGIUM. 72 Pen-and-Ink Sketches drawn on the spot by LOUIS BERDEN. Text by GEORGES VERDAVINE, founded on the official reports. In French and English. Crown 4to. **7s. 6d. net.**

BENIGHTED MEXICO. By RANDOLPH WELLFORD SMITH. Crown 8vo. **7s. 6d. net.**

A DIARY OF THE GREAT WARR. By SAMUEL PEPYS, Junr. With numerous Illustrations by M. WATSON-WILLIAMS. Crown 8vo. **5s. net.** (Third Edition.)

SOLDIER AND DRAMATIST. Being the Letters of Harold Chapin, American Citizen, who died for England at Loos, on September 26, 1915. With an Introduction by SIDNEY DARK. With 2 Portraits. Crown 8vo. **5s. net.**

THE MAGIC OF MALAYA. By CUTHBERT WOODVILLE HARRISON, Malay Civil Service. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

UTINAM: A Glimmering of Goddesses. By WILLIAM ARKWRIGHT. With Coloured Illustrations by GLYN PHILPOT, A.R.A. Crown 8vo. **5s. net.**

GOOD COMPANY. Some Personal Recollections of Swinburne, Lord Roberts, Watts-Dunton, Oscar Wilde, Edward Whymper, S. J. Stone, and Stephen Phillips. By COULSON KERNAHAN. Crown 8vo. **5s. net.**

FROM THE HEART OF THE VELD. By MADELINE ALSTON. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

OUR HOSPITAL A B C. Pictures in colour by JOYCE DENNYS. Verses by HAMPDEN GORDON and M. C. TINDALL. Crown 4to. **3s. 6d. net.**

PENCRAFT. A Plea for the Older Ways. By WILLIAM WATSON. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

THE LITTLE BOY OUT OF THE WOOD and other Dream Plays. By KATHLEEN CONYNTHAM GREENE. Small 4to. **2s. 6d. net.**

POETRY.

NEW BELGIAN POEMS: Les Trois Rois et Autres Poèmes. By EMILE CAMMAERTS. English Translation by TITA BRAND CAMMAERTS. With a Portrait of the Author by H. G. RIVIERE. (Exhibited in Royal Academy, 1916.) Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

CHRIST IN HADES. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. With Illustrations, End Papers and Cover Design by STELLA LANGDALE. Medium 8vo. (Uniform with 'The Dream of Gerontius.') **3s. 6d. net.**

AN EVENING IN MY LIBRARY AMONG THE ENGLISH POETS. By the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

RETROGRESSION AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM WATSON. Crown 8vo. **5s. net.**

STARS AND FISHES. By GEORGE ROSTREVOR. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

FICTION, 6s.

THE WONDERFUL YEAR. By W. J. LOCKE

THE BIGAMIST. By F. E. MILLS YOUNG

AUTUMN. By MURIEL HINE

AFRAID. By SIDNEY DARK

THE DANCING HOURS. By HAROLD OHLSON

THE HONEST LAWYER. By G. V. MCFADDEN

THE BATHING-MAN. By AGNES GWYNNE

THE HAMPSTEAD MYSTERY. By WATSON & REES

JIMMY'S WIFE. By JESSIE CHAMPION

HOUSE-ROOM. By IDA WILD

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. By BURTON KLINE

A LITTLE WORLD APART. By GEORGE STEVENSON

WAR PHASES ACCORDING TO MARIA. Crown 8vo. **2s. 6d. net.**

THE REDEMPTION OF GRACE MILROY. By CARLTON DAVIS

THE GAY LIFE. By KEBLE HOWARD

THE SHADOW RIDERS. By ISABEL PATERSON

THE MAN OF PROMISE. By W. HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

WINDY McPHERSON'S SON. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

CLOSED LIPS. By GEORGE VAUGHAN

GIDDY MRS. GOODYER. By Mrs. HORACE TREMLETT

RUGGLES OF RED GAP:

Being the Adventures of an English Vale in the Wilds of the United States. By HARRY LEON WILSON, Author of 'Bunker Bean.' Illustrated by F. R. GRUGER.

By Mrs. JOHN LANE. With Illustrations by A. H. FISKE

Books at 1s. net.

CHIN MUSIC: Dialogues of To-Day. By KEBLE HOWARD

COW AND MILK BOOK. By the Hon. Mrs. LIONEL GUEST. (Paper boards.)

Cloth, Crown 8vo.

RUSSIAN CHAPS. By M. C. LETHBRIDGE

CANADA CHAPS. By J. G. SIMMONS

GREAT SNAKES. By WILLIAM CAINE

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, LONDON, W.

Printed for the Proprietors by W. H. SMITH & SON, The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE, at the Office, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, in the Parish of St. Paul, in the County of London.—Saturday, 14 October, 1916.